HORSE CAVE, KY., BUYS A BOOK, By Theodore English

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE ART OF WALT DISNEY"
By Robert D. Feild
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"WHITTIER, BARD OF FREEDOM"
By Whitman Bennett
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

"LONG, TOO LONG AMERICA"
AN EDITORIAL
By Henry Seidel Canby

Walt Disney (above) gave Robert Feild free run of his studio and out of it came a "brilliant and satisfying analysis." (See Jay Leyda's review of "The Art of Walt Disney," page 5.)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Horse Cave, Ky., Buys A Book

THEODORE ENGLISH

ROBERT FAIR DE GRAFF, president of Pocket Books, daily deals in figures most publishers expect to see only if and when they get to heaven. His twenty-five cent reprints of classics and former best sellers are currently retailing more than a million copies a month, and consequently bringing literature to hundreds of tiny American towns where books used to be sold about as often as Rolls Royces. In just short of three years, total Pocket Books sales have mounted to more than 23,000,000, and, during 1942, 60,000 dealers will probably sell 20,000,000 more copies.

Trade publishers who break even on 2,500 sales of a $2.50 book once said that no one could survive selling books for one-tenth as much. Today de Graff is successfully appealing to a mass market which publishers' usual distribution systems never reached. The majority of his customers are people who have loose change in their pockets for magazines and perhaps two or three regular-priced books a year. These people are now buying Pocket Books by the dozen.

The appetite of this market makes de Graff's sales figures astronomical compared to those of trade publishers. To them, a sale of 50,000 copies of a particular title makes it a best seller; with de Graff, 150,000 copies is only a first printing. But a comparison of figures only emphasizes the difference between Pocket Books and other publishing houses. De Graff does not risk his money on new authors; he is a mass producer of tested hits, and volume is the key to his success.

There is nothing mysterious or miraculous about de Graff's sales system. "Pocket Books has wedded book and magazine distribution," he explains simply. As a result, he is one of the most influential selectors of reading matter in the country. This responsibility is derivative. De Graff, a towering, friendly fellow of forty-seven, does not consider himself editor, critic, or even an interesting subject for a magazine article. He is content to be a salesman. Pocket Books is the climax of his twenty years experience in publishing of inexpensive editions.

De Graff's plushy offices would lead the innocent visitor to conclude that successful publishing requires only some good titles and the organization to distribute them wholesale. Pocket Books's forty-odd employees nest in Rockefeller Center, New York City, next to Simon and Schuster, who own an interest in the business. But the connection is hardly more than a matter of bookkeeping: Pocket Books is a separate, self-contained company. De Graff has his own editorial staff,

Gertrude, the Pocket Book Wallaby.

directed by Philip Van Doren Stern, and a sales force under Wallis Howe, Jr. In de Graff's personal office, the most striking appointment is Gertrude. She is a wallaby, trade mark of Pocket Books. Puffed inwardly with the mysteries of taxidermy, she also proves that even a diminutive member of the kangaroo family has exterior abdominal pocket space for reading matter. She stands on a windowsill behind de Graff's desk gazing through Harold Lloyd spectacles at a Pocket Book clenched firmly in her forepaws. When de Graff disregards her studious example, he can gaze at the neatly gardened terrace that runs just below another row of windows. "It reminds me of Garden City," he says. Garden City won't forget de Graff either.

He started in the book business as a salesman for Doubleday, Page & Co. (now Doubleday, Doran) in 1922. In 1925, he was made vice-president and director of a subsidiary, the Garden City Publishing Co., distributors of reprints from $3.95 down to ten cents. Here he originated and sold 15,000,000 Star Dollar Books. He resigned in 1936 to become president of Blue Ribbon Books, and for the next two years sold their reprints from $1.98 to thirty-nine cents.

BUT even thirty-nine cents seemed too high for the uncountable Americans who had about seventy-five cents a month for books and generally lived in towns too small to support book stores. De Graff thought he could produce a twenty-five cent book these people would buy in quantity. In February, 1938, he resigned from Blue Ribbon, and began mulling over reading habits, typography, and binding, and distribution. He analyzed the low-priced books which nine or ten publishers, notably Modern Age and Mercury, had sold on a small scale in this country as well as the paper-bound Tauchnitz, Albatross, Pelican, and Penguin editions which had been steady sellers in Europe for years. Six months later, de Graff had designed a book which he has described as "pleasing to the eye and agreeable to the touch." He ordered an experimental printing of "The Good Earth" in this new, small, glossy format, and sent copies to a thousand prospective readers. Would they spend a quarter for a book like this? Questionnaires were mailed to 49,000 other readers: How many books did they read a year? How many could they afford to buy? What type of reading matter did they prefer?

The replies were encouraging. So on June 19, 1939, de Graff opened an office at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, bought a full page ad in the *New York Times,* and began distributing the first ten Pocket Books to metropolitan dealers. A few publishers telephoned—not wishes for good luck, but what they thought was sound advice: de Graff had better quit before he lost his shirt.

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People in the trade were waiting to say I told you so.

Within a week, New Yorkers had bought out the first printings, 10,000 copies each, of "Wuthering Heights" and Dorothy Parker's "Enough Rope." Macy's averaged 700 sales a day. Second and bigger printings were ordered, and, on August first, de Graff invaded the booksellers' dark continent, the hundreds of American towns which contain 32,000,000 people but no book stores.

Today the greatest demand for Pocket Books comes from these once bookless towns. And the distribution system that makes Pocket Books available everywhere, including cross-roads stores, super markets, and Sears, Roebuck, is de Graff's real contribution to publishing. Regular book stores make only a small fraction of the total Pocket Book sales. In Columbus, Ohio, for instance, there are six book stores, but Pocket Books are on sale at 218 other places throughout the city. De Graff has twelve salesmen who cover a portion of similar outlets throughout the country, but more than 600 magazine distributors and drug sales houses are the core of his circulation system. These distributors handle Pocket Books like magazines; they allot a dealer so many every month (dealers stock from thirty to ninety titles) and take back unsold copies. Towns such as Horse Cave, Ky., and Arp, Texas, population 250, which are too small for salesmen to visit get their books through the mail from galley operators.

What have Pocket Books done to book buying habits? Last fall, de Graff sent out 40,000 questionnaires to find out. Locomotive engineers, musicians, mechanics, salesmen, clerks, waitresses, writers, editors, school teachers, ranchers, and farmers replied that they used to buy roughly one quarter of the three to fifty books they read a year. Now they buy two to twenty times as many Pocket Books—or an average of about twenty-five a year. Nurses nod over them in the quiet hours of night duty, vacationists pack them with fishing tackle, and yachtsmen stow them alongside the nautical almanac. Soldiers have carried them in mess kits on maneuvers, and a Quiz Kid takes the Bible and Shakespeare to school in her pocket.

MANY of these readers can afford higher-priced books. Pocket Books' chief customers are people who have more spare quarters than dollars. To booksellers these people are a new class of buyers. A surprise illustration of their taste and purchasing power is reported by a dealer in New Bedford, Mass. His window display caught the attention of two grimy coal truck drivers going home to wash up. They sneaked in the store and stayed long enough to buy "The Return of the Native" and "The Microbe Hunters." Dealers hope to educate such customers to higher prices, but they admit that Pocket Books don't compete with more expensive editions. While offering "Bambi" for a quarter, a Vermont book store sold a record number of copies at fifty cents and a dollar. And Dale Carnegie kept right on selling at $1.96 after "How to Win Friends . . . " was issued as a Pocket Book.

THERE are 160 Pocket Book titles; half of them are still in print. Five new titles are added each month, two of them mysteries to "grease" the newsstands. Books which sold less than 10,000 copies the previous month are discontinued. Theoretically any one can suggest a title, but most of them are recommended by the staff. Suggestions are discussed at weekly conferences in which salesmen can veto books they think won't go well. Most titles are reprinted unabridged from the original editions, but half a dozen have been especially prepared. The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin was based on a French translation made in 1840. After it was issued, the translator's errors became embarrassingly apparent, so the edition was scrapped and a new one prepared by Franklin's biographer, Carl Van Doren. Philip Van Doren Stern, Pocket Book editor, did "The Pocket Reader," and Bennett Cerf, of Random House and Modern Library, did the latest collection, "Modern American Plays."

Nearly every major publisher has allowed Pocket Books to reprint one or more of his titles. For this privilege, de Graff pays from one half to one and a half cents a copy, half of it for the author. Other expenses are figured to the sixth decimal place. New plates (now made for every book), paper, and manufacturing cost from seven to twelve cents; selling and overhead add four cents more. Three months after the editors choose a title, the printers ship copies to the distributors for fifteen cents; the distributors charge retailers from sixteen to nineteen cents. On initial editions of 150,000 and subsequent reprintings, de Graff estimates a net profit of half a cent a copy.

"How to Win Friends and Influence People" has been de Graff's most valuable acquisition. When first issued, it immediately doubled sales of the whole list, and now leads all titles with over a million copies. War and peace are also popular subjects. Douglas Miller's "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" has now sold about half a million copies, but during one month it was only 500 copies ahead of the Pocket Bible. "Wuthering Heights," one of the original ten titles, leads the fic-

(*Continued on page* 18)

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The Dimensions of Disney

THE ART OF WALT DISNEY. By Robert D. Feild. New York: Macmillan Company. 1942. 290 *pp., illustrated.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAY LEYDA

"WE are going to participate in a living experience," and this promise, so often made in books concerned with creative arts, is actually fulfilled in this book by Professor Feild. Warning us to abandon all conventionally accepted notions that "the fine arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture were the last word in man's efforts to express himself with dignity," Feild plunges us into the esthetic and emotional problems peculiar to cartoon-sound-pictures. This is the most brilliant and satisfying analysis that any branch of the modern American film industry has enjoyed at the hands of its countrymen.

With a well-judged subordination of all the usual elements of the Disney legend—history, mechanics, the business—to the main, untouched problem: esthetic analysis of this "picture-making factory," the living experience begins. From the birth of the film's idea through its gradual clothing of imagination and film form in the fabulous story conferences is an exciting tour under the guidance of Professor Feild's seeing mind. This is the same tour that Robert Benchley took us in "The Reluctant Dragon," but now we are watching the inside of the intellect whose surface of colors and tricks is all that we've been permitted to examine heretofore. Disney appears to have been amply justified in giving Robert Feild free run of the Studio for a year. An outsider would normally need a year of complete immersion in the problems raised by Mickey, Pinocchio, and Bambi before emerging with such a simple, crystal clear analysis, unimpeded by the bugaboos of terminology, exoticism, and mechanics.

The book piles up a structure of indisputable evidence that the Disney Studio is creating an art that we are obliged to understand and appreciate if we have any interest in the development of art in our own times. A careful reader of the book will never again be able to summon enough indifference or scepticism to dismiss a production of that Studio as unworthy of his attention, no matter what the subject, from Donald Duck to Beethoven. Here is a medium that unhesitatingly absorbs the artistic achievements of the past and present in order to entertain with success and to devote unlimited effort to future experiment. The dozens of graphic examples from each Disney feature (the conference notes are genuinely illuminating) prove the medium's future.

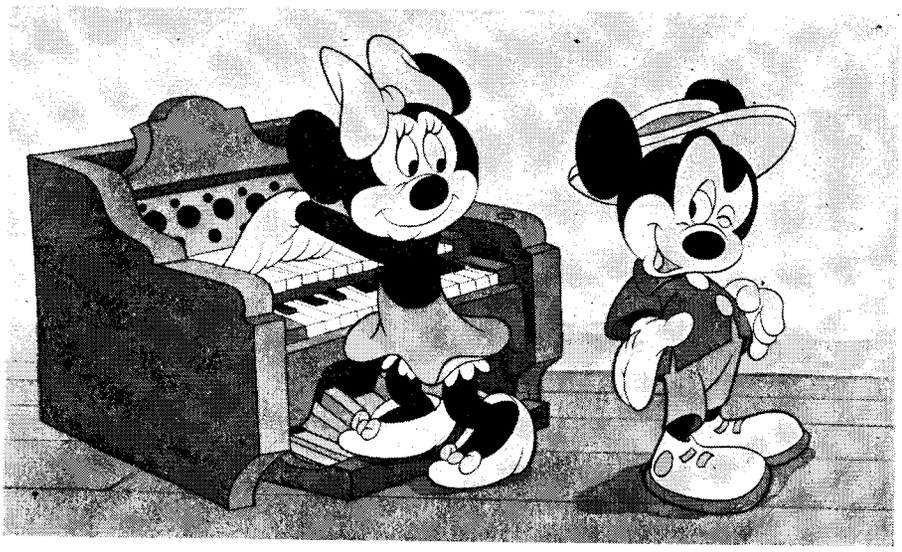
At the Disney Studios a group of imaginative, disciplined artists give their work an amount of time and concentration that make them the envy of the motion picture industry. The analysis provides a final answer to the repeated question—Who really makes the films, Disney or his assistants? "As long as the conference technique remains the controlling factor, ideas will continue to flow." The thousands of people employed in the Disney Studio are purposely kept anonymous and unselected for special attention in the book, but one is constantly aware of the real respect held both by Feild and by Walt Disney for these co-workers—as persons and as artists.

Feild's expert analysis of the delicate balance between the creating artist and the huge mechanism of the Studio is incomplete in only one detail —but a detail that worries many witnesses of the final works on the screen, even of "Fantasia." Does the effort that goes into producing unity in the finished work run the risk of uniformity? Does the unceasing struggle of the whole organization to provide vivid outlets for unbound imagination bind itself unavoidably to a single precise style or a single habitual attitude?

But the enthusiasm with which this style and this attitude are presented by Feild endears them to us almost as firmly as do the Disney films themselves. The perfection of the style and the moral basis of the attitude resist attack. Vitality and search are convincingly shown as the permanent foundations for all work in Disney's medium, insuring a constantly developing future. The book is a challenge to further investigation of an important art that we all take too much for granted. It is not only Disney who deserves our gratitude for so much entertainment, but Feild as well, for offering such an imaginative recognition of the true nature of this entertainment.

Completed before Pearl Harbor was bombed, the book lacks only one feature that recalls the element of timeliness. How the Disney Studio is tackling the urgent new problems of direct propaganda and direct instruction (on Latin-American information, on plane identification, on basic English to mention a few of the Studio's increasing responsibilities), how this complicated organization for expressiveness engages in the art of instruction, would make a useful chapter, even within the esthetic boundaries that Feild has set himself. It would provide the most pertinent answer to the roar from the Senate Chamber that claimed Donald Duck's assistance to income tax payment as negligible.

The book has the deceptive outward appearance of a picture-book—of one of the dozens of pretty Disney Enterprises' publications—but for once the abundant pictorial matter furnishes valuable illustrations, inseparable from the text. It has obviously been conceived as a serious book about an essentially visual art.



—*Walt Disney Productions*

Walt Disney's Minnie and Mickey Mouse at the latter's birthday party.

The now-celebrated speech made by Vice President Henry A. Wallace at the Free World Association Dinner in New York on Friday, May 8, is being published by the L. B. Fischer Co.

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Washington Is a Business

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. By W. M. Kiplinger. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 502 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

AS far back as this reviewer's memory goes, which is quite a spell in the history of a mere 153-year-old republic, the country has been full of lurid canards about Washington. The shapes of these folk beliefs change somewhat from decade to decade, but most of them are hardy legends, cherished the more fiercely in periods when red hot attention is focused on the national capital, such as during World Wars and New Deals (the Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson New Deals very much included).

There are, of course, plenty of side developments, but the master canards can be assembled about as follows:

1. Washington is a city of frivolous, irresponsible, and usually corrupt politics, where government is conducted in the demagogic spirit of the more antic members of the House of Representatives.

2. It is a place where stupid, incompetent, time-serving, redtape-worshipping bureaucrats are engaged in perpetual conspiracy to frustrate the public business.

3. It is a social control station where the destinies of 130,000,000 people are villainously regulated by

   A. A power-mad and conscienceless executive dictator.
   B. A cabal of practical politicians with their eyes on elections and pelf.
   C. A junta of bawdy and corrupt professional lobbyists.
   D. A sewing circle of incompetent and theoretical college professors, social reformers, and intellectuals.

4. It is a "madhouse" of irrelevant, disconnnected, and cheerfully uncoördinated operations chiefly concerned with financial extravagance.

5. It is a place of immense social glamor, strongly flavored with intrigue, scandal, and even lasciviousness.

Into the gas-bag of these somewhat demonological concepts Mr. Kiplinger's book sticks the pin of common sense proof—almost 499 pages of it—that Washington is distressingly like the rest of the United States and almost grubbily human.

It's big shots, he makes plain, are rarely, if in any case, men of genius, or men of statuary hall poses and attitudes, or, above all, practical voluptuaries or socialites. It's little shots happen to have jobs in the business of government, but otherwise they are exactly the "white collar" workers in a thousand businesses and industries on a thousand Main Streets—working and sometimes pulling little wires for small promotions at the office, hoping petty promotions will sometime lead to some really big "opening," and growing a bit whiney and frustrated when the last really serious hopes of getting ahead in a big way have passed.

But most of the book has to do with how the big and little shots conduct the business of government and what they do in it.

Of course, there is politics in the process, Mr. Kiplinger admits. The main job of the governing crew, and especially of the leaders,—isn't it?—is to sell the voters on the policies of government and on frequent changes in those policies. So there's got to be politics; and even at times—the voters having fairly strong and primitive tastes in controveries—quite a little demagoguery.

But Mr. Kiplinger urges those moralists of the republic who consider themselves holier than the politicians because they rarely practise anything more contaminating than office, faculty, and ecclesiastical politics, to take all this in their stride. Business executives and college professors who have joined the government for a season, have performed effectively, he insists, largely in proportion as they have learned how to be politicians; and have gone back to be stronger and more useful citizens at home because they have learned something about it. And those who couldn't, or wouldn't, learn have usually been highly inefficient public servants.

The book, too, has a healthy attitude toward what Mr. Kiplinger obviously regards as being, in the word's deeper sense, politically inevitable both for Washington and the country at large. A pretty rigorous New Deal critic on occasion, as his popular "Kiplinger's Letters" service has proved, the author lays the ghost of reactionary squawks that the New Deal was a theoretical, experimental, and impermanent interlude in American economic development. He makes it cheerfully clear that most of its lasting innovations were sanely planned.

Besides, he urges, what does anybody propose to do about it?

> The war cinches the thing [he writes]. The war puts government firmly in the driver's seat as general manager of the people's money, as social director of the uses to which the people's savings shall be put . . . Wall Street was small potatoes and has been replaced by Pennsylvania Avenue. Socialistic management of capital, long considered a vague bogey for the future, has become an accomplished fact.

—*Hessler*

W. M. Kiplinger

Apart from this breezy and realistic interpretive approach, "Washington Is Like That" is chiefly a compilation of more pat and up-to-date information about the national capital than you can find in any other book. It tells in detail how the White House, Congress, the Supreme Court, the Army, Navy, and State Departments and more than a score of other outstanding government agencies function. It tells how Washington, the million-strong community, works, lives, and amuses itself in its various social and bureaucratic stratifications. There are deft thumbnail sketches of fifty-five figures in the governmental scene, and a chapter of literally invaluable short-paragraph descriptions of the jobs which about two hundred outstanding bureaus and agencies are up to.

There isn't much effort at sense of proportion in it, but there is enough horse sense philosophy about the political problems of our times to keep it from being taken for a glorified city directory or a treatise on administrative mechanics.

On the whole, it is the best guide book to the business of government in the United States yet written. It may not be quite the book to end books about Washington, but, addressed to the right persons, it can do a swell job of stopping a lot of nonsense.

The fifth annual session of the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference will be held from August 3 through August 14. The staff includes Rolfe Humphries, Eric Kelly, David Woodbury, Haydn Pearson, Esther Forbes, Barbara Frost, Robert P. T. Coffin, William Harris, Millen Brand, and John Holmes, with Carroll Towle as director.

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Don Gonzalo

THE KNIGHT OF EL DORADO. By Germán Arciniegas. New York: Viking Press. 1942. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDUARDO CARDENAS

AN incurable idealist, rare mixture of saint and sinner, was Don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, who at the age of seventy set forth from Santa Fe de Bogotá—the Andean city he had founded thirty years before—in quest of the fabulous land of El Dorado. This, the crowning enterprise in Don Gonzalo's career, started with an enormous train of men and animals moving slowly up the winding paths of the Cordillera among the glitter of banners and the beat of drums, and ended with a handful of disillusioned conquerors returning ill and impoverished after three years.

Señor Arciniegas has reason to believe that Cervantes's Ingenious Gentleman and the visionary Jiménez de Quesada were one and the same person. At least, the two knights had much in common. Don Quixote's disaster in his attack on the windmills did not put an end to his career of arms. Neither did old Don Gonzalo's fiasco of El Dorado. He had given the rich New Kingdom of Granada to the crown of Spain, and he was still to march—an octogenarian, carried on a litter—at the head of an army that went down the slopes of the Andes to subdue the embattled Indians of the hot valley.

Quesada's search for gold began when, at the age of thirty-six, he led a band of adventurers across hundreds of miles of tropical jungle and up the steep flanks of the Cordillera—from the Caribbean seaport of Santa Marta to the high tablelands of Bogotá. Señor Arciniegas's account of this, the knight's first sally, is not a tale of superhuman achievements, but a lively narrative of human endurance, sprinkled with dramatic and humorous incidents, with flashing pictures of men who act under the torture of hunger and under the spur of greed. It is not Quesada alone who is portrayed in this painful march, but dozens of characters who react differently to the lash of adversity: captains, soldiers, friars, even mules.

Most biographers of the conquistadors study their subject in relation to European social, political, religious, and ethical values. Señor Arciniegas sees his men as detached from Europe and transplanted to the teeming soil of America where their virtues, their sins, and their weaknesses must flourish in a freer and wilder fashion. His fresh point of view is combined with a fine sense of proportion and a delightful sense of humor to offer us candid pictures of men of the conquest, as they would have appeared at the time to

Germán Arciniegas

the eyes of a keen aboriginal observer.

Señor Arciniegas—*rara avis*—is an unbiased historian. Whether his book supports or contradicts the "black legend" of Spain, it would be difficult to determine. "The Knight of El Dorado" is a serene appraisal of some of the human ingredients that destiny took from the medieval Spain of Doña Juana la Loca and mixed with native stock to form the basic elements of the future man of Hispano America.

France, 1870-71

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE. By Alfred Neumann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 386 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

AFTER "Another Caesar" and "The Gaudy Empire" which spanned between them the history of France under the sardonic shadow of Napoleon the Little, it seemed likely that Alfred Neumann might turn next for material to the Red Republic of 1870-71. He begins this third panel of the sequence on the day the Empire fell, September 4, 1870, and follows the fortunes of one Pierre Cagnoncle, a lad of sixteen, from the time Pierre smashes the imperial crown above the signboard of the shop at which he works on that glorious Sunday to the morning not ten months later when, the last barricade lost, Pierre's body lies beside the body of his friend and leader, the terrorist Rigault, on a street in the Latin Quarter near the Pantheon. In the interim Pierre, as secretary to a committee of the *Communards* has seen popular revolution from the inside, has met the poet Verlaine, and has pursued a tenuous, adolescent love affair with a charming and sympathetic lady nearly twice his age. His experiences,

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

VOCATIONS OF LITERARY CHARACTERS

Sister M. Genoveva, C.S.C., of the Sacred Heart Academy, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is the author of this week's quiz. Knowing the vocation of the character and the author who created him, you are to name the character and the story in which he appears. Allowing 2 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

Vocation	*Author*	*Name*	*Title of Story*
EX. SCHOOLMASTER	James Hilton	Mr. Chipping	Goodbye, Mr. Chips
1. MINISTER	Oliver Goldsmith	.....	.....
2. LINEN DRAPER	William Cowper	.....	.....
3. SHIP'S COOK	R. L. Stevenson	.....	.....
4. GOVERNESS	Charlotte Bronte	.....	.....
5. SWINEHERD	Sir Walter Scott	.....	.....
6. BUTLER	Harry Leon Wilson	.....	.....
7. SHEEPSHEARER	Helen Hunt Jackson	.....	.....
8. PAINT MANUFACTURER	William Dean Howells	.....	.....
9. BOOK SELLER	Christopher Morley	.....	.....
10. WHALING CAPTAIN	Herman Melville	.....	.....
11. FLOWER GIRL	Edward Bulwer-Lytton	.....	.....
12. PEDAGOGUE	Washington Irving	.....	.....
13. FARMER	R. D. Blackmore	.....	.....
14. MONEY LENDER	William Shakespeare	.....	.....
15. DAGUERREOTYPIST	Nathaniel Hawthorne	.....	.....
16. LOCKSMITH	Charles Dickens	.....	.....
17. WEAVER	George Eliot	.....	.....
18. DOCTOR	Rene Le Sage	.....	.....
19. MAJOR GENERAL	W. S. Gilbert	.....	.....
20. MANSERVANT	Daniel Defoe	.....	.....
21. TRANSLATOR	Mary Ellen Chase	.....	.....
22. OPERA SINGER	Willa Cather	.....	.....
23. BANKER	Edward N. Westcott	.....	.....
24. ARTIST	Rudyard Kipling	.....	.....
25. CONFIDENCE MAN	O. Henry	.....	.....

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—*Ernst Gottlieb*
Alfred Neumann

are continuously interesting; whether they are meant also to be symbolic of the revolt of the people of Paris remains unclear.

Alfred Neumann is no mere teller of tales about characters in costume; he is a serious novelist who chooses to work with the data of history. Whether his characters, his Rigault, his Rochefort, his Verlaine, his mordant commentator, the young Georges Clemenceau, are historically accurate, they exist by their vitality as creatures of fiction just as the sometimes nightmarish atmosphere of his Paris Commune exists as an imaginative creation. His story concentrates on individuals as they are affected by the impact of great events. One would have to know independently a good deal about French history to be sure of grasping all the political connections in this novel, but it is quite capable of holding the interest of readers who care nothing for politics, purely by its brilliant depiction of character. That is, at once, its triumph and its limitation, for the events of 1871 dwarf individuals. Neumann's temperament and artistic method fit him for the exploration of isolated personal feelings and motives, but, though the problem seems to fascinate him, he fails in his exposition of mass emotions. Amid the salon intrigues of the Second Empire, with the masses no more than a confused rumor on the boulevards, his method is perfectly at home. But when the people themselves become the hero of history, he fumbles and loses in details the broad outlines, the simple issues. Perhaps Neumann feels that it was the firing squads of Versailles who, in the infancy of the Third Republic, in May, 1871, gave it the wounds of which it was to die in June, 1940, but one could read his whole book without suspecting that this is the real meaning of the tragedy of the Commune.

Carter . . .

NIGHT OF FLAME. By Dyson Carter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 337 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

ALTHOUGH the publishers call this novel "a pageant of a great hospital," actually the hospital serves chiefly as the background for the carryings-on of the romantic resident, Dr. Gerard Stevens and the erotically disturbed women who come his way. Sex rather than healing is its main concern. And some readers may feel that its characters belong more closely to the lost generation of the '20s than to the grim '40s. Certainly Dr. Stevens, thirtyish, of unknown French (!) parentage, disillusioned, sensation-seeking but ever devoured by spiritual yearnings, is a younger brother in the literary fraternity of twenty years ago and his girl-friends, even in uniform, belong to the same vintage.

There is Joyce Rothwell, the beautiful blond, amoral daughter of the city's richest man, who satisfies Stevens's body but leaves his soul still hungry; there is his old flame Sonnie who loves him so much that she throws herself into the arms of many men and contracts syphilis in her efforts to forget; there is the innocent Aileen who also loves him (but in a more girlish way) who at his instigation gives herself to a patient when Stevens's psychoanalytical probings have convinced him that the success of an amputation depends upon this preliminary treatment. Then there is a brilliant sadistic surgeon who manipulates his patients' bones and their subconscious with equal ferocity, a nasty-minded superintendent of nurses, a "repressed" supervisor, and we mustn't forget the ward patients who like a Greek chorus occasionally break into the narrative in italics. At the height of these assorted tensions the hospital bursts into flames. The fire takes up about a hundred pages, the best part of the book. When only ashes remain all problems have been burned away. Sonnie and a lot of patients are dead, the wicked surgeon's hands are forever crippled, the supervisor's repressions are resolved, Joyce has lost her blond locks and her beauty, and Stevens passes out of her life and out of the book, all passion spent.

Such is the story. Of course no brief synopsis does justice to an author, and it is possible that in times less grim it would smack less of the pulps. After all it shows better writing than many a first novel, and the suspense atmosphere is well sustained. With a little toning down of the sex element it might make a lively movie.

Dyson Carter

Walden . . .

THE SEASON. By David Walden. New York: The Greystone Press. 1942. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. WALDEN'S book is interesting chiefly for its first hand realism. It is a story of the summer season at one of the resorts that dot the Catskills, where he has himself, we learn, spent twenty-five summers in one capacity or another. Certainly he came away with a rich harvest of scenes and characters, photographed upon his memory in minute, etched detail. The job is more thoroughly done here than it was in Kober's "Having a Wonderful Time," which aimed at the specialized effects of satiric romance. Walden builds from the bottom up, drawing in very carefully every bus boy, every waiter, cook, maid, to the social director and the proprietor himself, proceeding finally to the haughty guests. Out of these elements, naturally, rise the same compounds that appear wherever people join lives: love, jealousy, malice, tenderness, frustration, these against the bubbling background of a Catskill resort in full swing. It is well done if —if you want a good pictorial representation. But, in the writer's sense of making, fashioning, Walden made nothing of his material. Let us put it this way. Walden says of himself, "My favorite writers are Thomas Mann, Thomas Wolfe, and Thoreau." Leaving Thoreau out, for he would not have handled the subject, what would Wolfe have done with these people? Or Mann? Could they not have been illumined with the artist's vision? A writer doesn't have to be an artist, but if he admires artistry it is fair to ask, why not practise it?

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Bromfield . . .

UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 325 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MR. BROMFIELD a few months ago served up a red plush tale of an occupied city in our own country. Remote enough in time to permit glamor, romantic intrigue, and a kind of amoral swashbuckling to dominate its tone, it touched no real emotion and left about as much residue in the mind as an elaborate tableau. He now follows with a grimmer subject, about which we all feel strongly and which, in view of his long residence in France and his passion for things French, might have been expected to command his utmost powers. Instead, his superficial, even trivial treatment of one of the truly tragic themes of

Louis Bromfield

our time seems like a second betrayal. One may only conclude from it that either he feels the desecration of Paris too deeply to write of it significantly or he no longer cares enough about his writing to produce a book not immediately transferable to the screen.

This is no foolish and belated snobbery about Hollywood. Hollywood, it is true, used to put such a blight on every good book it touched that nobody who wanted to keep his love of a masterpiece intact would be caught dead at a movie version of it. But that has mostly changed now. You don't often have to take your literary life in your hands when you go to see a picture made from a novel you care for. On the contrary, many books are improved in the process, and it is more than likely that Mr. Bromfield's will be.

What happens too often these days is a kind of *a priori* corruption. Authors write novels not as ends in themselves but as scenarios for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With some writers one does not mind too much. For Mr. Bromfield it is a calamity, and the sooner he creates a book that will tax every ounce of skill Hollywood has to put it appropriately on the screen, the sooner he will please readers who have hated losing a good author.

In this story we are asked to believe that a not too bright strip tease artist from Evanston, Indiana, easily outwits the best Gestapo agents Germany can send to Paris. Almost without knowing it, she is drawn into a ring of saboteurs which includes her lover Nicky, her boss D'Abrizzi, and various refugees and frequenters of Luigi's restaurant, but chiefly by the stupidity and Freudian repressions of the Nazi Major von Wesselhoft. She rents a large house in a respectable neighborhood, where, in the well-hidden wine cellars a printing press is set up to carry on the spirit and express the will of the true France. A liberal sprinkling of French words, a knowing air about the little streets of Paris, some mild attempts to build up the essential Frenchness of the minor characters are about all we have to establish the setting. Otherwise it might just as well be Prague or any other occupied capital.

Worse than this, however, Mr. Bromfield has been content to rely on clichés of both material and style. The printing press in the cellar is about as tiresomely overworked a device as can be found; and almost nowhere does Mr. Bromfield lift the writing itself from generalized terms into the burning, unmistakable, specific here and now and nowhere else.

Mr. Steinbeck has lately been critically tarred and feathered for indulging in bad propaganda by making a victory over the Nazis seem too easy. But the deterioration of morale in Norway is a slow, excruciating process compared to the readiness with which Bromfield's Germans succumb to inner weakness and commonplace sabotage in Paris. We do not have to take this matter too seriously here, however. "Until the Day Break" is not important as propaganda and not very important even among stories of its kind.

Mark DeWolfe Howe, Dean of the Law School at the University of Buffalo, has just signed a contract with the Harvard University Press for a biography of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Howe was the editor of the "Holmes-Pollock Letters" published a year ago by the Harvard University Press and now in its fifth large printing. In writing the biography, Mr. Howe will have access to the great collection of Holmes manuscripts now on deposit at the Harvard Law School Library.

Lavin . . .

TALES FROM BECTIVE BRIDGE. By Mary Lavin. New York: Little, Brown. 1942. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

I HAVE never understood why volumes of short stories are supposed to be bad business. The public is thought to prefer novels of 560 pages with innumerable persons being born, loved, killed, and analyzed. Why people shouldn't relish the dry and sharp flavor of short stories with the same zest as full-length novels is one of the trade mysteries. It also is quite unfair to many authors who are born short story writers and find themselves forced to stretch material to novel length to make a living.

Mary Lavin is a born short story writer. Like many beginners, para-

—J. J. Mooney, Dublin

Mary Lavin

doxical as it sounds, she is technically quite excellent. Beginners spend more time on technique and detail work—when they have arrived they are too busy exploiting the success. Miss Lavin's stories do not have the grandeur of a Maupassant or the felicitous prose of a Stephen Vincent Benét. But she has a note of her own. Occasionally she tries something beyond her power ("The Green Grave and the Black Grave"); sometimes she forces herself to be lighthearted and humorous neither of which is her line.

But there are excellent and impressive pieces. There is first "Brother Boniface," the story of a laborious and serene monk, aging gracefully, whose last days are concerned with some kittens who are spoiling the flowerbeds—but he cannot be angry with the playful children of Creation because they just don't know what they are doing. There is "Love Is for Lovers," written in a completely dif-

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ferent key, a bitter and disillusioned study of a love spoiled by the oversweetness and stupidity of the woman concerned. There is "At Sallygap," with the appalling background of Dublin's poor and sullen streets, reporting the suffering of a meek soul and the fruitless hatred of his wife, who had hoped he would turn upon her one day, and when the revolt never came, spent her endless days in a state of tepid anger. There are "Miss Holland" and "The Dead Soldier": compact little pieces of atmosphere and mental turmoil.

Miss Lavin uses neither stunning plots nor exotic backgrounds. She describes consciously the trials of little Irish people, their frustrations and small joys, and she is not out to shock with a surprise ending. Her endings are the last necessary link in a chain. She is nearer to Mansfield than to Maugham. I wish the women's magazines would publish her stories. It would be a welcome change of diet.

Harkness . . .

PANGOAN DIARY. By Ruth Harkness. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1942. 317 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FAY GILLIS WELLS

THIS volume is the interesting record of Ruth Harkness's travels in a remote part of Peru in search of a little silver bear that has only been seen once, years ago.

Mrs. Harkness went to Lima, to earn a living by writing, but Elsa, her Spanish teacher who was fascinated by Mrs. Harkness's stories of her Panda expeditions, was determined that she shouldn't bury herself in Lima.

"Senora, that is a pity because some people have the searching fingers."

Elsa was resolved that Mrs. Harkness should "go to hunt for the little gray bear. . . . I am sure that you will find it, and that people all over the world will love it just as they have loved your baby pandas and in a way it will be a gift from Peru to the children of America." Elsa overruled her feeble protests about the expense of an expedition and promptly produced one Don Esteban Sandoval Garrazatua, an Indian of Basque origin, who spoke no English. Sandoval, a *civilizado,* as compared with the savages of the jungle, proved to be a story-book guide. He was everything—friend, protector, counselor, and doctor to the extent of giving her injections for her fevers. He was honest, reliable, sober, impassive, but never dull.

Mrs. Harkness's expeditions into the interior of China in search of the pandas were excellent training for the primitive life in the jungle of Pangoa. However she doesn't thrive under such conditions for she almost died in Lima from a recurring disease she picked up in China. But she plunges into the hardships of native life wholeheartedly, accepting whatever happens as part of the pattern of Life. Her huts, without doors or windows were wide open to friend and foe alike. She was afraid of the *tigres,* the innumerable and inevitable snakes and poisonous insects. She had little food and was almost continuously *physically* uncomfortable as she waded through jungle swamps and froze on mountain peaks during more than a year's unsuccessful search for the elusive animal.

The reader can only hope there is such an animal for Mrs. Harkness firmly believes "it is my destiny to find a little silver-gray bear." In any event, "Pangoan Diary" is a most entertaining escape into a land where the people have never heard of today's catastrophic war.

—*Leja Gorska*

Ruth Harkness

—*Walter Lowenthal*

Bruce Lancaster

Lancaster . . .

BRIGHT TO THE WANDERER. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Company (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). 1942. 451 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by M. T. GARRETT

BRUCE LANCASTER, whose "Guns of Burgoyne" was easily the best of last year's crop of novels about the American Revolution, has turned this time to the Canadian rebellion of 1837 as background for another historical romance. The troubles of 1837 in Canada were hardly a rebellion, rather a series of more or less synchronized armed riots whose chief effect was to keep the borders between the United States and Canada more or less disturbed during the next few years. Those centering in French-speaking Quebec, and those around Toronto in Upper Canada had almost nothing in common except discontent with the existing government and neither involved serious military operations or were supported by more than a small minority of the population. They did, however, help call the attention of the sluggish British Parliament to the problem of a workable government for British North America.

"Bright Is the Wanderer" is about Mackenzie's brief revolt in Upper Canada, the involvement therein of a family named Stensrood, New York State Loyalists by origin who find themselves in opposition to the other Tory families in whose interest the province is run, and particularly about Gil Stensrood who takes a full share in the border raids and intrigues and is briefly an outlaw, a prisoner of state, and an exile, before he returns to the Canada which his efforts have helped towards self-government. Or so we are asked to believe. But one need not share so high a view of the importance of the Mackenzie rebellion to enjoy Gil's fights, adventures, and escapes, and the pleasant little romance without which no historical novel would be complete. "Bright Is the Wanderer" combines painless and reasonably accurate instruction with literate popular entertainment. It is said not to have been serialized, and one wonders why not. Some fiction magazine missed a good bet.

Stephen Vincent Benét and Walter Millis have been elected to the Board of Trustees of the New York Society Library, the oldest library in New York State (founded 1754). In addition to Mr. Benét and Mr. Millis, the world of letters is represented by Hamilton Fish Armstrong and Rodman Gilder.

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Dividends in Animals

ANIMALS ARE MY HOBBY. By Gertrude Davies Lintz. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. 1942. 301 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HERE is a fascinating book by a woman who is that rarest of all human creatures—a person who understands and is understood by "nature's other children"—the lower animals.

Gertrude Davies Lintz is not a glamorous exploress who emerges from jungles with live and dead wild animal trophies. She is the sympathetic wife of a doctor whose Brooklyn home has long been a menagerie, where she has been paid "rich dividends in accomplishment," rearing dogs and pigeons, rabbits and owls, lizards and leopards, chimpanzees and gorillas, including Gargantua the Great, and she reveals why that King of the Anthropoids is now "the world's most terrifying creature."

Gratifying a childhood interest in St. Bernards, Mrs. Lintz spent many years perfecting the Hercuveen breed, using "primitive hormones"—or vitamins—to create not only the biggest dogs on earth, but many that were national champions in their class for fifteen years. Then she set her wits to work and made them smaller again. Simultaneously, she won top honors with pigeons and produced a super breed of smooth-coated rabbits.

But domestic animals were not exciting enough for Mrs. Lintz. "If an animal is really dangerous and untamable, so much the better. For then the game involves all one's powers of insight, ingenuity, imagination plus a fine thrill of physical risk."

Western friends sent her Jack and Jill, two giant horned owls, which were "too stupid to be entertaining and too infernally wicked ever to be quite safe and for the latter reason I kept them for years."

She had less luck with another present—Purser the Leopard, which wouldn't eat anything but live food and disliked the smell of dogs. After a year and a half, Purser suddenly pounced on her. Mrs. Lintz landed in bed and the leopard in a zoo.

Then she acquired an Asiatic Lizard named Chinese Dragon, which was eight feet long and made life interesting by knocking slow-steppers down with his tail.

The course of her whole life was changed in the middle twenty's by "a little waif named Maggie Klein" — a year-old chimpanzee, which she brought up like a human child for thirteen years. During this time she

—*Tri-Boro*

Mrs. Lintz: "No woman should bring up a child without first bringing up an ape."

acquired Joe Mendi, Suzabella, Skippy, Captain Jiggs, and others, which gave her better opportunities to study apes than anyone else in the world, and one of her interesting conclusions in effect confirms the Darwinian theory that they are the bridge between the animal and human world. In fact, Mrs. Lintz says "no woman should try to bring up a child without first bringing up an ape."

Apes have their own language and, whereas monkeys are dirty, they are fastidious. Her chimps were trained to use a toilet, brush their teeth, take daily baths, be fussy about their clothes, and be careful about spilling food. Mrs. Lintz believes they "have a future with us as household pets, entertainers, or even mechanics."

The most exciting parts of her book are about Massa and Buddy, her two gorrillas—"the most baffling and fascinating creatures in the world." They were together for more than four years and her experiences with them were frequently hair-raising. When they grew to five hundred pounds of manhood and became potentially too dangerous to keep around the house, Massa went to the Philadelphia Zoo and Buddy became Gargantua.

Mrs. Lintz sadly confesses that Buddy, in his air-conditioned circus jail, is falling deeper into a hopeless melancholia and slowly going mad because he can't "find something to feed his mind and to make his life bearable." And since his longtime caretaker, Richard Kroener, whom he both loved and hated, died last week, there is no one except Mrs. Lintz to love or trust and she can't be with him.

Truly, "Animals Are My Hobby" is not only a worthwhile contribution to human knowledge, but interest-holding reading.

Sub-Surface Warfare

THE SUBMARINE AT WAR. By A. M. Low. New York: Sheridan House. 1942. 305 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

PROFESSOR LOW, the father-in-law of Maxim Litvinoff and pretty well known as the leading civilian authority on sub-surface warfare (he is the author of an excellent book on naval mines), here tackles the submarine, historically and then technically, but in non-technical language. Unlike most historians of the topic he does not overload the early part of his work with long discussions of the plans of sixteenth and seventeenth century submarine builders, and the modern portions of this book consist of simple direct statements without emotionalism.

It is unfortunate that a work otherwise so good should suffer from two great defects, which are really the single defect that it was written in too much of a hurry. Mr. Low mentions, for instance, the submarine freaks, such as the *X-1, Surcouf* and *M-1* but without telling what was wrong with them, why they did not become accepted naval types, which is exactly what everyone wants to know about such ships. In other words, the book is incomplete just at the most interesting point. It also has bad errors at nearly all points—errors which could have been corrected by the use of a comparatively small amount of time in checking facts and figures. The average reader can make his own correction when Professor Low describes David Bushnell's attacks on blockading British warships in New York Harbor as having taken place in 1795; but he is not supplied with the information to know that the sunken British submarine *Thetis* was not recommissioned as the *Thunderer* but the *Thunderbolt,* that Japanese submarines are not organized in companies, or that the author has confused the accounts of two separate Confederate submarines, each named *David.*

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"LONG, TOO LONG AMERICA"

READ on into that poem, written in the heat and dismay of the Civil War, and you will see what was troubling Walt Whitman—

> Long, too long America,
> Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only.
> But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
> And now to conceive and show to the world what your children enmasse really are . . .

Whitman wrote these lines in the mess which was Washington in war time. Generals coming to explain why affairs were going badly. Civilians swarming, looking for jobs. Contractors and pressure groups. Rumors and slanders and self-seeking. A weary man at the White House, determined to see the thing through. New York getting rich. Farm prices booming. The South better prepared for war. Plenty of appeasers everywhere ready to let the "erring sisters" go—and do business with them afterwards.

But there was an American tradition which Whitman had lived with since childhood. He felt it more deeply, and understood it better, than the New England intellectuals, or any of the statesmen, except Lincoln. It was a tradition no more Northern than Southern—a dream of a continent made into a true co-prosperity sphere, where the common man could have his chance and escape for good and all from the exploitation and injustices of the Old World. It was a dream, but the facts were behind it. If only you could hold on to the big idea, that there must be unity, and that the continent was to be developed for the many and not grabbed or looted for the few!

This tradition was a faith as well as a dream. It was a faith that had no geographical bounds within the United States. Some were surer than others, but few denied it entirely. It was a belief that democratic processes of government could be made to work, had to be made to work. There was no other conceivable unity for this continental country—not race, not religion, not geography—except by monarchy or despotism, neither of which was possible with our population. This was the only way to implement the dream, or, to use language which the common man would have understood, to make a United States which was powerful, sound, and could guarantee a good life and a free one to the individual. At the moment when Whitman wrote, democracy in Washington was making a mess of the war, and the war was poisoning unity at the source. The "even and peaceful" roads of progress were closed. But the tradition was still strong. If we had not learned from prosperity how to follow it, then we had to learn from adversity, from "anguish" and "direct fate."

Lincoln, definitely, was born and bred in this American tradition. He was a Westerner who knew that the Mississippi valley was economically indivisible. He was an instinctive poet who felt the importance of a big idea, and his speeches are full of words like "dedicate" and "consecrate." He was also a plain man and a political realist who understood that government had to be of, by, and for the people if it was to represent and hold together a sprawling country, diversely populated, and determined to get all the freedoms it could. Whitman, like so many seers and prophets, was weak in humor and often bawled and shouted. Lincoln was a humorist, who never overstated, and he had what only the great humorists seem to possess, a deep and sympathetic sense of the tragic weaknesses of human nature. He would keep the union with slavery, he would keep it without slavery. Reforms can't be hurried. The union was the big idea, and he also, called upon his countrymen to accept anguish if necessary and forget prosperity for a while.

Mark Twain, who made his reputation by jokes, has kept it because he belongs squarely in this tradition. King Arthur, that dumb and lovable old Tory, who seemed so amusing to us in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," was Mark's backhanded contribution to the democratic faith. The Yankee told the king at every opportunity that if the plain man had a chance he would make good—and illustrated his remarks by life in Connecticut. King Arthur's serfs were the under-privileged class of the day. Knock out privilege as we did in America (though we substituted graft and monopoly!), and the serf would do well enough. Mark's ideas were a little naive, but showed that even a satirist could believe in a faith. He is not naive in that much greater book, "Huckleberry Finn." Who can forget Huck's moral mix-up between the code which said that you must not help a slave to escape, and his respect and affection for black Jim? That was the democratic faith breaking through the color line and the rights of property. Huck glimpsed dimly bigger ideas than could be heard in the complacent street of his native village.

Sinclair Lewis—debunker though we called him—was entirely in this American tradition. Babbitt is the classic symbol of the American who had learned nothing except from joy and prosperity, and found at the end that he had missed any real idea, even a joyful one. He is the true man without a country because he never could see or feel beyond business on Main Street. Lewis attacked the smug complacencies of his Middle West because he belonged there and loved it, and thought that the men were getting smaller than the country. They had exchanged big ideas for little ones.

Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body," a poem which a whole generation has read, is a part of this tradition. Here is the story of a confused war which began as a combat between two versions of the American dream, which was stirred on by greeds, fanaticisms, and prejudices, and ended with a renewal on both sides of the American unifying faith in the democratic process. It was a war as messy as it was terrible, but it settled one thing anyhow, that unity was a big idea.

But this American tradition of a

Reply to Argument in Time of War

By Witter Bynner

MONEY against gunpowder?
It's too late.
A humming-bird may circumnavigate
Among the petals of a life foregone.
You are a man with metal to put on.
Passion is in the air: new blood, new seed
To join the issue and assure the breed.

Shed nursery allegiance to the old
Faint fables. Though the story you hear told
By this America be sternly just
And hold a tragic chapter, since it must,
Oh, as a living part of it, my friend,
Help write it through to the unbitter end!

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faith and a dream which expand self-interest into a national ideal, is *an* American tradition. It is not the only American tradition. There is another and very vigorous one.

It is the tradition of sectionalism. It is the tradition of exploitation, and of looting, and of private, misused monopoly. It is the tradition of the birds of prey, of a feather-your-own-nest, of get-rich-quick, and also of normalcy, which means business as usual. It is the tradition of what has been misnamed rugged individualism, which has usually meant a state run for the benefit of those powerful enough to get what they wanted. This was a fat idea for a rich undeveloped country such as America in the early nineteenth century, and had its historical advantages, which need not be argued here. But it was not a big idea, except in terms of loot. And now it has become a dangerous one.

Each American colony began for itself alone, and each pioneer to the West (a few communal experiments excepted) went out for himself alone. The nation was a vague entity to the isolated settlers, and vague, for other reasons, to the New Englander or the Virginian. The first pressure groups were sectional—New York or Boston capitalists and land-grabbers, Southern plantation owners, later the farmers of the new West. Each region was more interested in its own welfare than in the best development of the country. So, naturally, was each individual who had not been converted to the American faith and dream, and many who had. Political democracy stood the strain because it was what chiefly held us together, but economic democracy, which was part of Whitman's naive but magnificent prophecy, was set back for generations by the predatory assault of individuals upon the richest country in the world. Forests were slaughtered, soil exhausted, and the speed and greed of so-called progress left us with more problems in the distribution of wealth than the serious ones with which the first colonists began. Read Thoreau in his "Walden" on this. He was, in some respects, a provincial New Englander, but he could see enough of the country to understand that the looting of the West might result in the substitution of get-rich-quick for a greater idea.

This second tradition, of an easy country, where conflicts are all internal and your worst enemy is your neighbor or your landlord, is in the mental environment of every successful American. He takes his democratic faith for granted—it seems to have come true for him. Nothing can stop the course of manifest destiny for his rich republic. He has been bred on prosperity, and it does not occur to him that he may need a bigger idea in order to grapple with fate.

But now "direst fate" is waiting just around the corner, this time on the Pacific and across the Atlantic, and its protagonists are sure that we will recoil and compromise. The tradition of predatory individualism, of help-yourself-to-America, of sectionalism, of the pressure group, of manifest destiny, will never grapple with it successfully.

We need a bigger idea, and we have it, we have had it for over a century. Whitman and Lincoln stated it for their times and thought it worth crises of resolution and anguish. The idea of union and a developing democracy might have hatched and then starved, or had its neck wrung, like the idea of a new international order most of us believed in twenty years ago. It did not happen that way. The "children en-masse" of the democratic dream and faith, showed then what they could do. They made their choice between traditions, as we shall have to do. Neither the North nor the South sold out to compromise and supposed prosperity.

The complexities of technology, and the difficulty of organizing our vast industrial and agricultural machine, first for war, then for the welfare of society, make this statement of a choice between traditions sound like an over-simplification. It is not an over-simplification, for behind the excessively difficult modern problem is the morale of the nation, and morale, in the long run, depends upon what you are fighting and working for. We fight now because we must, but are likely to fight and work better and longer, if we choose the American tradition with real hope and fire in it. The democratic job is only half done, is definitely worth doing, and on it depends this American way of life about which we are all now talking without any too clear a conception of what it involves. Beside this ideal of a realizable dream and a practicable faith, the totalitarian ideas of rule by a superior race, or organization by an elite, or world conquest by force, seem and are a mixture of political immaturity, brutality, barbarism, and romanticism.

The flat truth, is that, whatever tradition you have been bred in, you will have to fight with guns or brains, and will probably fight well. But it is best to find out what you are fighting for in addition to your own skins. And here every American should become conscious of his own traditions, and choose the better one because it has the big idea.

H. S. C.

Summer Storm

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

TO us talking so quietly
Between tea-cup and cup of tea
In that quiet place, in that quiet hour,
Came the storm, an apparition of power.

The clouds turned afternoon to night,
The lightning stabbed our eyeballs white,
The thunder crackled past our ears,
Reverberating through our fears.

The rain came like a waterfall,
Pouring from heaven in one gray wall,
Our garden flowers were crushed, no bird
Dared to be seen, dared to be heard.

Why did our house seem safe no more
With thunder knocking at its door?
What magic had gone out of glass
Once it had let the lightning pass?

Before that messenger from the sky,
We lost assurance, you and I,
With faltering hand I poured your tea,
With doubtful look you looked at me.

Before that menacing visitor
What good were roof and bolted door?
The universe broke overhead,
Our nearest neighbors were the dead.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Southwest Issue

SIR:—It is as important for creative writers to become familiar with the activities of their fellows at remote points, and with the subject matter in landscape, history, and legend that the country affords, as for a business man to know where he stands with respect to his material assets and liabilities. The series of regional issues now begun by you may become a sort of recapitulation of the American genius that will be revealing and useful to authors and readers.

Your number on the Southwest gives a good idea of the meaning and possibilities of that fascinating area. My knowledge of it was cursory; now it is like a jig-saw puzzle in which the pieces have begun to be set in their proper places. The sample creates a desire for what is to follow.

We ought to know about the countries within our country, about what geography, climate, economic pressures, and inherited practices do to us; why the Arkansas sharecropper reacts one way and the Oregon lumberjack another to the same stimulus, and how the differences manifest themselves. But it is important that New Englanders read the Southwest number, that the West Coast people read about the South, etc.

There is always the danger of regionalism crumbling into parochialism. The quality of literature does not depend upon the area in which action is laid. Great books have been written about village life, and day-by-day we see that petty writing can employ the world for its scene. Regionalism and all that it implies can be an important factor in the creation of fiction as long as the author recognizes its limitations. Perspective and design are more important, but without psychology and vision all else fails and we have just another book.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR:—After a considerable struggle I had decided that the *Review* was one of the things I should be obliged to forego "for the duration." I had felt that, with some other good things, that must come to an end.

But the Southwest Number turned the trick. There may be less jam, even less butter, on my bread, but I cannot forego the prospect of the regional surveys to come. Since the Southwest, particularly Texas, has an irresistible appeal for me, I wonder if any other number can equal that one.

AINSLIE ANTHONY.

Tryon, N. C.

"Coming of the Civil War"

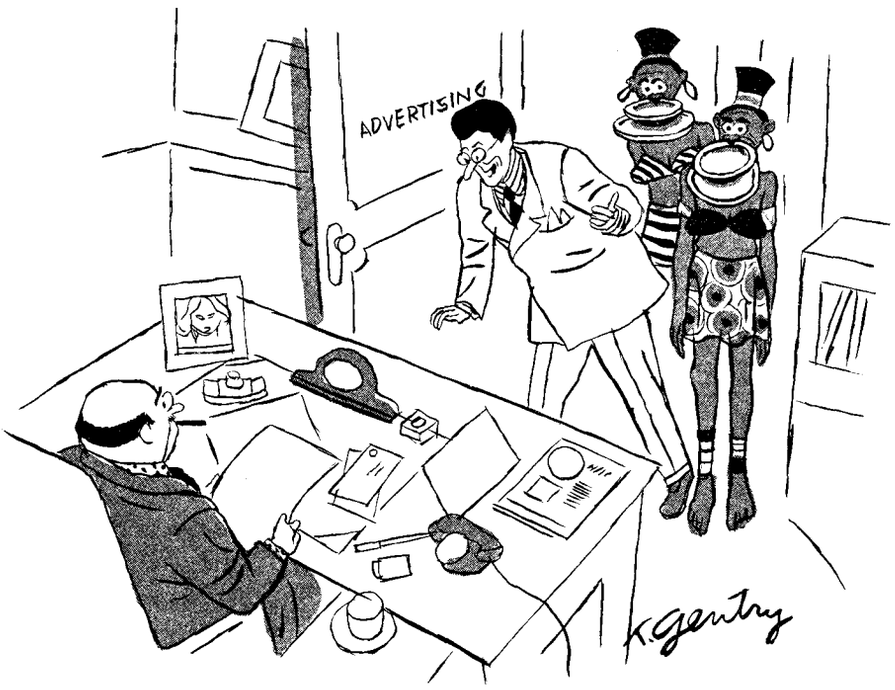
SIR:—Will you kindly permit me to correct two wrong impressions given by Allan Nevins's review of my "Coming of the Civil War" [*SRL,* May 30].

Mr. Nevins says that the book does not treat the conservative forces existing in the Nation before 1860 and misses the fact that the masses were moderate in opinion. Mr. Nevins has evidently not read beyond page 240 in my book. I do not blame him for that. The next two hundred and forty pages are ploddingly heavy with facts and documentation. But they do, unfortunately, contain the main contributions of the book. They demonstrate as no other work on this period has done that the great majority of the people, both North and South, were at all times thoroughly conservative; that the Southern Whigs, with the masses solidly behind them, quickly checked the effort to secede in 1850; that only a handful of extremists favored the Kansas-Nebraska act or thought that it would extend slavery; that few were even mildly interested in the Dred Scott case and fewer still approved of Brooks's attack on Summer. In fact the central theme in this book is the tragedy of a few radicals forcing issues into patterns where the conservative masses, constituting probably 80 per cent of the people, were at length forced to accept war.

Mr. Nevins says that my book is biased and partial because I view slavery as primarily a labor system to be evaluated soundly only by a comparison with other labor systems of the day and because I hold both sections equally responsible for the war. Of course, I recognize this as the kindly welcome which those of us who are well established in a profession slowly dying from dry rot give to a new idea, but your readers may not understand that what Mr. Nevins is saying is that I have refused to indulge in the futile struggle over war guilt: that I insist on asking why democracy hopelessly failed in 1860 and the majority and the minority alike went out to kill in the name of civilization. My answer is that the statesmen, and even politicians, whose business it was to compromise issues, however serious, until we had grown into a higher state, made principles out of prejudices and holy crusades out of selfish interests. Good and conservative men had to fight because their leaders, like Mr. Nevins, got all of right and all of justice on one side. His attitude is a splendid demonstration of why the Civil War was inevitable and why it still goes on between equally unreconstructed Northerners and Southerners.

AVERY CRAVEN.

University of Chicago.



"Got time to listen to an idea for a *Whispering* Campaign, Chief?"

Add Phelps

SIR:—To "the well-wishing adventurer, T.T."* let me say that Tarkington, Rascoe, and he may think there are only three musketeers fighting for Harry Leon Wilson, but it seems to me we are four, as I have praised in print H. L. W. more than once, the last time in *Good Housekeeping* for January. I have just got a letter from a stranger on the other side of the world who wants a copy of "The Boss of Little Arcady."

WM. LYON PHELPS.

Yale University.

*Tiffany Thayer, *SRL,* May 30.

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Book-Building after a Blitz

ROSE MACAULAY

IT happened to me last year to lose my home with all contents in a night of that phenomenon that we oddly called *blitz,* though why we should use the German for lightning for attack by bombs I do not know, unless to appease by euphemism, like calling the Furies Eumenides. Anyhow, whatever the thing was called, it destroyed my flat, leaving not a wrack behind, or, rather, nothing but wracks. Of furniture, books, and pictures nothing stayed but a drift of loose, scorched pages fallen through three floors to street-level, and there lying sodden in a mass of wreckage smelling of mortality, to trouble me with hints of what had been. Here was a charred, curled page from one of the twelve volumes of the Oxford Dictionary, telling of hot-beds, hotch-pots, hot cockles, hotes, and hotels; there, among a pile of damp ashes and smashed boards, were a few pages from Pepys, perhaps relating of another London fire, a few from Horace Walpole, urbane among earthquakes, revolutions, and wars, knowing that all things pass. But no book remains; my library, with so many other libraries, is gone.

When the first stunned sickness begins to lift a little, one perceives that something must be done about lost books. One makes lists; a prey to frenetic bibliomania, I made lists for weeks; when out, I climbed my ruins, seeking in vain; when in, I made lists. A list of the books I had had; that is the saddest list; perhaps one should not make it. A list of those one cannot hope (for one reason or another) to have again. A list of those that one hopes to replace one day, but not yet. Another of those to replace at once, directly one has shelves again—the indispensables. Another of the good riddances.

I had not a grand library, full of costly firsts. Plenty of firsts, but usually poor firsts, like my "Athenae Oxonienses," of which the later editions were much better, or Fuller's "History of Cambridge," or Thomas Heyrick's "Miscellany Poems," which no one had bothered to reprint often (I seldom found anyone to like this Heyrick much except myself and his patrons, who prefaced his book with their flattering views in verse), or torn copies, such as Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and Raleigh's "History of the World," or books so popular that the first edition was enormous, like Fuller's "Holy and Profane State," or books that no one would dream of ever reprinting at all, like the essays of my great-great-great-grandfather on "Revealed Religion," or my great-grandfather's notes on the antiquities of his parish (as I have said, I had a lot like that, and they went). And, naturally, plenty of the first editions of my contemporaries, but they scarcely count as firsts. I had a few real firsts. I had "Tom Jones" and Bentley on "Phalaris," which was terribly dull, and Baker's "Chronicle," and Holland's Pliny's "Natural History," and Purchas his "Pilgrimage" (1613), and Johnson's Dictionary, apparently stolen by my great-uncle from the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a few obsolete poets and essayists of small merit, and "Leaves of Grass"; but no collector would have thought anything of my library. I have never had any particular feeling about firsts, and would as soon read a book in any vaguely contemporary edition published, say, in the first fifty years.

To return to my lists. First I thought I had better do the ones I saw little prospect of getting again, then I could forget them. Some I knew to be out of print and unprocurable even by their authors; of these were Dr. Gosse's "Gathered Together," Logan Pearsall Smith's "Cornichiana," and "How Little Logan Came to Jesus"; these three little books seem irrecoverably gone, with a lovely edition of Gerard Hopkins's "Mermaids." So do the "Purefoy Letters," whose publishers exasperatingly remaindered it to some wholesaler who got his stock burnt. And a quantity of old numbers of the *Modern Language Review.* And Purchas his "Pilgrimage." Not his "Pilgrimes," of which I had the Maclehose edition in 20 volumes, and which could be got again when I could afford them. They went on the next list, of books now barred from me by price, but which might be replaced if ever they should turn up cheap somewhere, or if ever some money should turn up. This list was long; it was headed by the Oxford Dictionary. I grew up with this dictionary, I grew with its growth, for my parents had subscribed to it from the first; my copy was full of my father's annotations and additions and my own later ones. I had not yet led a life without it, but such lives can be led and are; in any case it was not a book to be bought by the totally bombed and totally uncompensated. (But, through the munificent generosity of a friend, I now have it.) Also on the list of farewells-thou-art-too-dear-for-my-possessing were the Paget Toynbee, Horace Walpole, Wheatley's Pepys, Birkbeck Hill's Johnson (Boswell, Piozzi, Letters and Miscellanies), Dr. Keynes's Sir Thomas Browne, Topsell's "Four-Footed Beasts and Serpents," Holland's Pliny, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Jowett's Plato, the Blackwell "Poly-Olbion," several Nonesuch Press books, and plenty more.

—*From "Ordeal in England."*

THEN there were the books to look out for in second-hand bookshops, in case they turned up cheap enough. (For the encouragement of others in like case, I should add that many of them have.) Among these were the Cambridge "English Literature" (in 15 volumes, not in one), Sylvester's "Du Bartas," Burnet's "Theory of the Earth," Bishop Wilkins's "Mathematical Magick," John Swan's "Speculum Mundi," Professor Livingston Lowe's "Road to Xanadu," Tyndale's and Coverdale's Bible translations, a lot of diaries (Evelyn, Anthony Wood, Hearne, Fanny Burney, etc.), a lot of letters (Verney, Conway, Pope, Gibbon, Mme. de Sévigny, Byron, Jane Carlyle), Gunning's "Cambridge Memories," Aubrey's "Miscellanies," and "Antiquities," "Elegant Extracts," Hone's "Every Day Books," Ovid's "Metamorphosis" translated by several gentlemen *c.* 1700, the "Phoenix Nest," Camden's "Reviews," and so on. (I have not listed books by my friends, as it did not prove necessary; tell your friends you have been bombed and you tap in them a most admirable generosity, both about books they have written and books they possess, or even buy; this is the brighter side of getting bombed.)

Then there was the list of indispensables, to be replaced at once, either new or second-hand—Shakespeare, about twenty other poets, Herodotus, Jane Austen, Aubrey's "Brief Lives,"

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some edition or other of Browne, Pepys, Horace Walpole, Boswell, "The Spectator," and "Guardian," Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" and "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors" (out of print and proved hard to find), the Authorized Version of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, Arber's "English Garner," de Fontanelle's "Plurality of Worlds" (preferably John Glanvill's translation), Burton's "Anatomy," Hakluyt's Voyages, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (all these last five are in Everyman; why is not Walton's "Lives"?), Norman Ault's "17th Century Lyrics," and "Unfamiliar Lyrics," a Shakespeare concordance, Smith's "Greek and Roman Antiquities," the Greek Anthology, some foreign dictionaries, "South Wind." Then, to look out for at leisure, a great number of travel and exploration books of all periods, a number of modern French books (not just now replaceable), some contemporary books by writers I know too slightly to raise the subject with, or don't know at all, or else they are poor, or dead, or their publishers are bombed. And Quarles's "Emblems," Clarendon's "Life," most of the Restoration plays, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Defoe, all kinds of Coleridgeiana, Milton's prose (or about half of it), "Piers Plowman" (but not the Everyman edition, which is a very strange one), and a number of history-books, and biographies of all dates. And a lot of island literature—Beebe, and "Robinson Crusoe," "Coral Island," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Masterman Ready," "Suzanne et la Pacifique," and so on.

Among the irrecoverables were my own MS notes on places, books, and the character and behavior of animals in literature. This last was a large file, the result of about ten years of spasmodic research, that would in about another ten years have become a book. The sources of my notes and extracts are now largely inaccessible, and even if they are ever again within reach, I shall not have the heart to begin all that again; it was the book I really wanted to write, but it is gone, with all the other notes and MSS I had. And with all my maps and guide-books. I had a good collection of these—all the Michelin sections of France, much of Italy, Spain, and the Americas and West Indies, and many large-scale maps of foreign towns, and 6-in. ordnance maps of a lot of England, but you can't get these now, it would help the Germans for you to have them. And Baedekers one can't get much, or only antiques, and anyhow travel is over, like one's books and the rest of civilization.

One keeps on remembering some odd little book that one had; one can't list them all, and it is best to forget them now that they are ashes.

Fighting Quaker

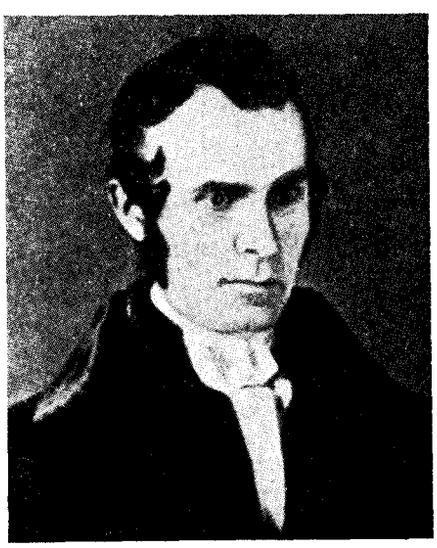
WHITTIER, BARD OF FREEDOM. By Whitman Bennett. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1941. 359 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was a deeply religious man who said, "Melt not in an acid sect/ The Christian pearl of charity." He was a fighting Quaker, who sang in "Laus Deo!", as though it were the song of Deborah,

> For the Lord
> On the whirlwind is abroad;
> In the earthquake He has spoken;
> He has smitten with His thunder
> The iron walls asunder,
> And the gates of brass are broken!

What moved him to that, was the bells ringing on the passage of the



John Greenleaf Whittier

constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. I wish he were alive in this time, to make his hatred of evil felt in song!

Lowell wrote of him in "A Fable for Critics,"

> There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
> Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
> And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
> Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect—

but we have just heard what Whittier himself had to say about "sect."

He was a man all right; he was a whale of a man. He was the hammer of God. It does not matter so much whether what is today called "his love-life" may have been frustrated. That used to loom very large ten or fifteen years ago, about dead authors. It seems pretty silly now. I do not like Mr. Bennett calling him a "bard," because the word has become corrupted. But, indeed, he had the bardic nature. It is not too much to say that he himself might have written those great lines of Blake's:

> Hear the voice of the Bard,
> Who present, past, and future, sees;
> Whose ears have heard
> The Holy Word
> That walk'd among the ancient trees. . . .

Though Whittier, as Mr. Bennett says, "exerted an almost incredible private and public influence," in his time and in the time of the Civil War, he was essentially introspective. He suffered also from the besetting sin of his era, sentimentality, though he never surrendered to it as often as did Longfellow. And right here, in spite of its being "an old school favorite," I will go to bat for "Snowbound" as a poem of close observation of nature and truly valuable for its portraits of the time. Speaking of his mother:

> We stole with her a frightened look
> At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
> The fame whereof went far and wide
> Through all the simple countryside;
> We heard the hawks of twilight play,
> The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
> The loon's weird laughter far away;
> We fished her little trout-brook, knew
> What flowers in wood and meadows grew. . . .

and so on. It is authentic observation. When he sings Flud Oirson, I wish there were more women of Marblehead today to tar and feather some of our home-grown fascists! Yes, he wrote "Barbara Frietchie," and what of it? He wrote about "the chastened psalmist," but then in those days people were always writing about chastened psalmists or chastened somebodies. Mr. Bennett treats his life much more sensibly than did Albert Mordell, who applied Freud to him. He shows us how tremendously hard Whittier worked, for one thing. Bennett is himself a native New Englander, and understands. To conclude, when Joshua Coffin, Whittier's old schoolmaster and fellow abolitionist took his Calvinism too seriously in his old age, John said to him finally, and characteristically:

"Now, Joshua, thee is going to Hell with a heart full of love for everybody,—what can the Devil find for such a one as thee to do?"

I like Whittier as a trumpet of prophecy, I like him as the truest kind of an American patriot. I like him because he was genuinely a good man, and hated tyranny and slavery. We need his kind today.

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Spring Cleaning

CARL P. ROLLINS

HERE is a parcel of books accumulated during the winter which have not fallen into any scheme of previous Compleat Collector reviews. They are of widely varied sort, as befits the column. But for one reason or another they will interest some of the readers of this review, and should be mentioned before the spate of war books overwhelms us utterly.

And speaking of war books, there is Creighton Peet's "Defending America," issued by Harpers. Various aspects of the army, navy, and air corps are treated in simple, straightforward style for young people. But the pictures by Fritz Kredel are outstanding. Mr. Kredel has made a life long study of military uniforms, and as he is a draftsman of more than ordinary ability, his pictures are both accurate and decorative. In quantity and quality his book is an unmatched pictorial record of the warrior's trade.

Of quite different sort is "The Collected Verse of George Jester," originally contributed to Franklin P. Adams's "Conning Tower" in the old New York *World* of fragrant memory. Mr. Adams writes a short introduction to this collection, and George Macy writes entertainingly on "George Jester, His Life and Good Times." The verses have the true light touch of the "Conning Tower," and in their pleasant printing make a delightful *souvenir d'antan.*

A much more elaborate (and different) *souvenir des temps passés* is George Dudley Seymour's "New Haven," privately printed and just issued. It is a curious book, interesting mainly to inhabitants of that town and to the author's friends, and it has a curious history. The text which is made up of papers having to do with the civic history of New Haven in the author's most active years as the town's first citizen, was printed at various times but almost all before 1918. The sheets have lain unbound. Recently Mr. Seymour has arranged to have a large section of illustrations printed, and the book bound up. It is a document in the life of New Haven not to be overlooked.

A handsome catalogue of an exhibition of Italian Drawings, 1330-1780 at Smith College Museum of Art was issued in December. The ample quarto pages are set in the beautiful "Centaur" type, and the typography bears the unmistakable impress of Professor Clarence Kennedy's interest in printing. It is a model catalogue of its kind.

Another catalogue of interest is that of the collection of printed books produced in the United States between 1931 and 1941, recently selected by a jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts for exhibition in Latin America, and given an advance showing at the Pan-American Union in Washington. There are two hundred entries, with title pages of each displayed. The text is in Spanish, and while the catalogue proper is printed in the sober and restrained typography of the Merrymount Press, the cover is a modern extravaganza suggestive of the Museum of Modern Art.

If you ask any hunter, fisherman, or enthusiast of the woods about L. I. Bean of Freeport, Maine, he will become lyrical in his enthusiasm. Mr. Bean conducts an emporium for out-of-doors paraphernalia, in a great wooden building over the post office (incidentally he is also postmaster) at the little Maine Village, and you can get anything you need there at any time of the day or night. His catalogues are a delight. Now he has written a book on "Hunting, Fishing and Camping" which is full of detailed information invaluable to the woodsman.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 427)

R. AND S. V. BENÉT:
BOOK OF AMERICANS

He discovered our country in One
Four Nine Two
By thinking it couldn't be there.
. . . . . .
But he paid no attention to protest
or squall,
This obstinate son of the mast,
And so, in the end, he discovered
us all,
Remarking, "Here's India at last!"

A New Edition of "The Alphabet."

A serviceable guide to good lettering is provided in Mr. F. W. Goudy's "The Alphabet." This was originally published in 1918, and reprinted several times. The University of California Press has now put out a new edition, considerably augmented by a general disquisition on letter history and design by Mr. Goudy. The core of the book is still the twenty-seven plates, each about seven by eleven inches, of the upper and lower case alphabet, a to z, the ampersand, and numerals. Each plate shows a letter in fifteen traditional forms of calligraphy and formal type designs, in sufficiently large size to display their vagaries and peculiarities. Such a comparative view is extremely useful in distinguishing the evolution of letter forms as well as their differences, and since Mr. Goudy is our foremost letter designer, such a book of model letters is a sound guide for all persons engaged in painting or drawing signs of all sorts, from postage stamps to war posters.

Hardiana

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY, 1840-1940: A CENTENARY BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HARDIANA. Compiled by Carl J. Weber. Waterville, Maine: Colby College Library. 1942. 276 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

TURN to the east if you seek the greatest repository of Hardy material in America or in the world—to the library of Colby College. In charge of the collection, and founder of it, is Dr. Weber, whom no Fadiman will ever be able to stump on a point of Hardiana. The present handbook is the fruit of an "attempt to list everything written about Hardy anywhere during his first hundred years." Doubtless there are omissions—most certainly there are—and Dr. Weber will be delighted to hear about them. His field extends from L. Aaronson and L. Aas to Z. Zulver and J. Zydlerowej. Mr. Aaronson reviewed "Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy" in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1940; Mr. Aas contributed notices on Hardy to *Samtiden* and *Urd* of Copenhagen in 1923 and 1928; Mr. Zulver wrote an introduction to a Russian translation of "Far From the Madding Crowd" which was published at Leningrad in 1937, and Mr. Zydlerowej accomplished a Polish translation of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (Warsaw, 1929). These casual terminal juxtapositions are eloquent testimony to Dr. Weber's thoroughness and assiduity. There are thirty-two entries from the *S.R.L.*

Third Annual
WRITERS' CONFERENCE
INDIANA UNIVERSITY
Bloomington, June 22-27, 1942
Workshops and Lectures
Carl Carmer.....Non-Fiction
Katherine Anne Porter.....Fiction
John Crowe Ransom.....Poetry
Additional Lecturers
David Daiches, John T. Frederick, Jeannette Covert Nolan
Workshops (for consideration of students' manuscripts) will meet once each day. Scholarships and prizes will be awarded. Daily lectures open to auditors.
For particulars, write to
Ralph L. Collins, Director
Indiana University Writers' Conference
Bloomington, Indiana

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HORSE CAVE, KY., BUYS A BOOK

(*Continued from page 4*)

tion list with 435,000, and "Lost Horizon," also one of the first ten, has consistently stood among the first fifteen leaders for nearly three years.

For some reason, mystery stories fall flat in the rural areas but are eagerly gobbled up in the cities. Although no single mystery has ever led a month's sales, two men named Ellery Queen are the readers' favorite. Nine Queen mysteries have aggregated nearly two million copies. Readers are equally anxious to test and improve their knowledge. "The Pocket Book of Boners," "The Pocket Quiz Book," and "The Pocket Book of Short Stories" have consistently outsold the mysteries. H. G. Wells's "Pocket History of the World" and Quincy Howe's "Pocket Book of the War" (averaging 20,000 a month) are also among the present best sellers.

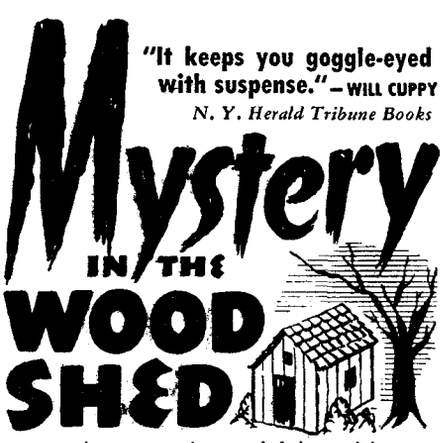
De Graff has spent more than $150,000 promoting Pocket Books. He mails monthly pep letters to dealers and press releases to 1425 newspapers. Recently he told the papers that an order for one copy of "How to Win Friends . . . " was received from the Philippines a week before the declaration of war. But timing is the cheapest and most effective promotion. Pocket Book editions have coincided with the movie versions of "The Philadelphia Story" and "The Man Who Came to Dinner." And "The Pocket Book of Vegetable Gardening" arrived with the first robins and the patriotic urge to plant radishes in last year's rose beds.

The land which has yielded de Graff such abundant crops of quarters is now being cultivated by another gardner, Joseph Meyers, publisher of Avon Pocket-Size Books. Meyers is chiefly a book designer with more than twenty years experience in the reprint business. As co-proprietor with Edna B. Williams of Illustrated Editions Company, Meyers has specialized in elegantly bound classics at low prices—for instance, a gold-imprinted, stiff-covered edition of "Oliver Twist" for forty-nine cents. He designed a special series of thirteen ninety-eight cent classics for Macy's in 1936. The same year, he and Mrs. Williams bought the J. S. Ogilvie Publications. Ogilvie had been in the twenty--five cent book business for years, supplying railroad stations and newsstands with paper-bound copyrighted reprints and such plebian classics as "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill." Meyers planned to bring the Ogilvie list and format up to date.

But de Graff had gotten a head start. Ogilvie's metamorphosis was not completed until last December. Then the first list, issued under the Avon imprint, contained twelve titles, led by "Elmer Gantry" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Avon Books were about the same size as Pocket Books and bound in much the same type of cover. De Graff took one look at them and asked the New York State Supreme Court to enjoin their publication: "The deliberate copying by the defendants of the appearance of the plaintiff's books make the editions indistinguishable to the prospective purchaser, causes deception of and confusion to the public, and constitutes deliberately unfair competition." As evidence, de Graff's counsel submitted an affidavit by one of their clerks. At eight New York book and drug stores, the clerk found Avon and Pocket Books displayed together. Though he was familiar with both, he swore he could distinguish them only "by close scrutiny."

Pocket Books's prayer for an injunction was denied. "There is no doubt, that, in appearance, the books of these litigants are practically indistinguishable," the court admitted. But "there is nothing novel, unique, or exclusively individualistic about the style or format of the plaintiff's line of books, except the text, the original art work appearing on the front cover of each volume, the picture of the kangaroo (wallaby), and the method employed by the plaintiff in the printing of its name." People buy books to read, not to look at, so similarity in appearance is not unfair competition.

De Graff is appealing this decision. Meanwhile, the American News Co. is distributing new Avon titles to newsstands throughout the country. Meyers's business is getting bigger—and so is de Graff's. Priorities on production materials are all that stands between them and sky-high sales.



● An agony-column ad brings violent results . . . *By ANTHONY GILBERT.* $2.00, Smith & Durrell, N. Y.

For Rest and Recreation!
Keep fit, get that necessary change of scene at Skytop, a social club in the secluded Pocono Mountains, on Lackawanna R.R. Non-member may consult their travel agent or address Skytop Club, Skytop, Pa. Write for brochure S.R.
SKYTOP

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHAT PRICE MURDER *Cleve F. Adams* (Dutton: $2.)	Cal. indemnity insurance operative McCloud on track of jewel thief meets much murder and tough treatment.	Copious gun-play, slugging and similar activities. General rough house from word go, with surprise ending and unflagging action.	Tough 'un
THE CASE OF THE DROWNING DUCK *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Hired to elucidate long-cold murder case Perry Mason encounters contemporary Cal. crimes and snares little-suspected slayer.	Besides telling how to drown ducks story is also jam-full of action, plot, slick sleuthing, and crisp Masonesque conversation.	Hard to beat
ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE *A. A. Avery* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Shady financial deals lead to press agent's slaying. Manhattan advt. solicitor braves gangsters to clear up tangled plot.	Top-notch game of perilous hide and seek involving cops, gunsels, colorful ladies, and hero who doesn't mind taking punishment.	Sock-dolager

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The Phoenix Nest

MANY years ago there appeared an account in the *Shenandoah Herald* (Virginia) of one of those weddings that make history. A certain Mr. Lemuel Borden had advertised in a matrimonial paper for a wife, and after an exchange of letters and photographs, arrived Mrs. Amanda C. Deer of Indiana at the town of Woodstock, Va.; where she was met at 8 A.M. by Mr. Borden. She turned out to be an elderly lady, and had a white handkerchief wrapped round her wrist by way of identification. A special policeman conducted both to the minister, where "the marriage contract was read and duly signed, and the beautiful poem 'Carrie Dear' was recited with wonderfully dramatic effect." Mr. Borden, it was remarked, was a lawyer, editor, and Dunkard. He had been married once before, and Mrs. Deer twice. The marriage contract recited that "under the authority of a marriage license to us duly issued from the office of the County Court of Shenandoah, in compliance with the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and in the presence of God, under the open canopy of great and solemn nature, but if possible with less of ceremony than has been before ever realized on earth on a similar occasion by Disciples of Christ or Society of Friends" Lemuel Borden plighted his troth to the widow of Noah Deer of Montezuma, Indiana. "Obliging myself to be such husband as my heredity, my environments and my cheerful obedience to my own best inspirations of duty, and my best knowledge and worship of the best books, minds, hearts, lives of the ages—will permit me to be." Most interesting, however, was the supplement to all this. It read as follows:

I, A. C. D., agree with L. H. never to have fire in our kitchen (different in case of the gasolene stove she brings with her)—when either two or three nearest or southern windows-sash are raised even an inch, or less—to be very careful with fire, and if possible never to absent an hour or other such short period (if possible) from my home when my husband is also absent, unless there is in it, or very near it, some person or persons, in whose care, prudence, and good management we may wisely repose confidence. The balance of the contract of our marriage is in the preceding contract, signed by us, when we signed this paragraph.

Witness our hands, etc.,
March 17' '03.

Gems of History

Of course, of recent years, we have heard of many answers of schoolchildren to historical questions, and have read many little books of "Boners"; but once in answer to the question, "What historical character do you like the best, and why?" the following gems were offered:

Andrew Jackson, because he whipped the British with an old hickory.

Lincoln who was shot and killed standing in a booth, and died saying, "Jefferson survives, I am contented."

The redoubtful John Paul Jones, because he said, "We'll beat them British or bust," and then did it.

Old "Personals"

Our own PERSONALS remind us of the habit of advertising things many and various in the columns of old country newspapers. London, though, was the only place where a newspaper was published during the reign of Charles II, and the lost animals there advertised included, in the old days, certain glorious hunting birds in scarlet hoods. The following is an actual advertisement of the time:

Lost on the 30 of October, 1665, an Intermix'd Barbary Tercel Gentle, engraven in Varvels, Richard Windwood of Ditton Park, in the County of Bucks, Esq. For more particular marks—if the Varvels be taken off—the 4th feather in one of the wings Imped, and the third pounce of the right foot broke. If any one inform Sir William Roberts, Knight and Baronet (near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the County of Middlesex), or Mr. William Phillips, at the King's Head

Who *is* Mr. Barrington?

The New Yorker says: "In his first mystery, he gets away from the barrier with a rush"

STOP ON THE GREEN LIGHT!

By MAURICE BARRINGTON

Behind the pen-name of Maurice Barrington hides one of the neatest concocters of adventure fiction of the season. Now the secret is out. Barrington is none other than D. W. Brogan, distinguished British historian, author of *France Under the Republic, Government of the People,* etc. His first venture into the mystery field has won the cheers of crime connoisseurs. "A lively thriller."—Jack Ketch, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "If you like your murders fast and tough, with surprising contrasts and unexpected moments, try *Stop on the Green Light!*"—*Los Angeles Times.* $2.00

HARPER

THE Three Star Mystery Book

★THE OLD DARK HOUSE By J. B. PRIESTLEY

★WAS IT MURDER? By JAMES HILTON

★THE WHEEL SPINS By ETHEL LINA WHITE

A ★ ★ ★ TREAT

THREE magnificent full-length mystery novels, among the most successful of our times, in one mammoth volume at a popular price. Belongs in every week-end library.

"Excellent in every respect. The stories capture interest at once, they puzzle, they keep you awake."
—*Los Angeles Times*

Only $2.50 at bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York

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in Paternoster Row, of the Hawk, he shall be sufficiently rewarded.

The Restoration was really quite a barbarous time. In the *London Gazette* of December 22, 1679, appeared this item:

> Whereas *John Dryden, Esq.*, was on Monday, the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted and wounded, in Rose Street in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive Fifty Pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard Goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose, but if he be a principal or an accessory in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same.

Perhaps under the guise of fun, Dick Steele of the *Tatler* may have succeeded at walterwinchelling in his own day. Anyway, the *Tatler* occasionally bore such advertisements as this:

> Any Ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance which they are willing privately to make public, may send 'em by the penny post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., enclosed to Mr. John Morpheu, near Stationers' Hall.

Perhaps the most ghastly advertisement ever printed appeared in the *London Times* in the year 1845. It ran:

> TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's *Morning Advertiser,* headed, "A body found drowned at Deptford." After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you today, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family-vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.
>
> WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

TRADE WINDS

HERBERT MAYES, of *Good Housekeeping Magazine* was cornered at a recent soiree by a gushing dowager. "How wonderful to be all mixed up with books and authors and things," she exclaimed. "You know it was a book that changed my husband's whole character. He used to be a frightful bear. Growled and snapped at everybody. Then he read this book, and ever since he's been just the sweetest old thing!" "What was the name of the book?" Mayes asked patiently. The dowager's reply at least contained the element of surprise. "It was 'The Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' " she said. Mayes is still trying to figure it all out. . . .

SUCH A WEALTH of material popped up two weeks ago for the special Southwestern number of the *Saturday Review* that several regular features were of necessity omitted, including the editorial page and our own Trade Winds column. We were nursing our wounds at a side table in Sardi's when Leonard Lyons, whose syndicated column now appears in 38 papers, came over to console us. When Lyons was a struggling young lawyer, and needed cash to marry his Sylvia, he landed a job on the side as columnist for the Sunday edition of the *Forward* at twenty dollars a week. One day he hit upon the notion of doing a special feature piece as well as the column, and thus made forty dollars that week instead of twenty. Alas, the piece was all about the trouble of a newly graduated member of the bar, and provoked such a flood of readers' letters that Leonard's column was left out of the next three issues straight in order to make room for them! . . .

JUST TO SHOW you what a little publicity in Trade Winds will do for you, we cite the case of Irwin Edman. When we first discovered him he was a mere author and professor of philosophy at Columbia. Now he gets his picture in the papers kissing Jinx Falkenberg. . . . A grateful publisher has sent us two copies of a new novel that we found occasion to mention here recently. This opens enchanting new vistas to us, but we will explore them no further until we can learn whether or not the publishers of the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica read this column. Either we mislaid our old twenty-six volume set, or a nimble-fingered uncle sneaked it out of our office when our back was turned. . . .

GENE FOWLER, Ben Hecht, and W. C. Fields hobbled in together to register for the draft in Hollywood. The recording officer took one look at the venerable trio and barked "You needn't tell me, boys. The Japs sent you!" . . . Sir Humphrey Milford writes that he is beginning his thirtieth year as publisher to the University of Oxford. On this side of the Atlantic, the House of Lippincott is celebrating its 150th anniversary. We wonder what the first Lippincott would have said to some of Chris Morley's flights in "Kitty Foyle." (Wonder what the last one said, for that matter!) . . .

PUTNAM'S has acquired the publishing rights to the works of Theodore Dreiser, and announces that a new novel, called "The Bulwark," is expected for the Fall of this year. Only Mr. Dreiser will know if this is the book that was first promised exactly nineteen years ago, when we went to work for Horace Liveright. We sold it to the trade in 1923, and again in 1924, and again in 1925, but the manuscript never appeared. If "The Bulwark" is indeed the novel that Mr. Dreiser has been working on all these years, it ought to be quite a book! . . . Philip Guedalla's next work is going to be a study of French military power in the last four generations, entitled "The Two Marshals." One of the Marshals is Bazaine, who surrendered Metz in 1870 and was sentenced to death; the other is Petain, who surrendered all France in 1940 and became its ruler. . . .

WHEN YOU STOP at your local newsstand any day late in June you will be greeted by a most unusual sight. Practically every magazine in the United States will use a picture of the American flag for the cover design of its July issue. This was a notion conceived by Paul McNamara, and successfully translated into being by the enthusiastic coöperation of the entire magazine

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE

25 West 45th Street, New York City

Please enter my subscription and send me a bill for:

☐ 1 YEAR—$4.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00

$1 Additional for Pan America or Abroad.

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ADDRESS_____

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fraternity. There are a few cynics, we know, who will regard a move of this sort as the easy kind of patriotism, and will point out the indisputable fact that the blackest renegade can always wave a flag. We, ourselves, however, are the old fashioned sort who cannot see the American flag too often these days. A few more bands and parades, and a new marching song like George M. Cohan's immortal "Over There" would hearten all of us. We cannot be reminded too often that this time we've got to win both a war and a peace that comes after it. . . .

PHILADELPHIA has discovered an effective means of shutting off after-dinner speakers who have far exceeded their allotted time. A gentleman who has written several best sellers about the private lives of beauties of yesteryear was going lickety-split at the Philadelphia Booksellers' dinner the other night when all the lights suddenly went out, ending the proceedings. It was a test blackout. . . .

Have you heard about the two herrings who suddenly popped into a neighborhood bistro? One of them disappeared for a moment and a puzzled onlooker accosted the one who was left alone at the bar. "Where's your brother?" he challenged. "How in heck should I know!" replied the indignant herring. "Am I my brother's kipper?"

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Dr. Charles Primrose, in The Vicar of Wakefield.
2. John Gilpin, in John Gilpin's Ride.
3. Long John Silver, in Treasure Island.
4. Jane Eyre, in Jane Eyre.
5. Gurth, in Ivanhoe.
6. Ruggles, in Ruggles of Red Gap.
7. Alessandro, in Ramona.
8. Silas Lapham, in The Rise of Silas Lapham.
9. Roger Mifflin, in The Haunted Bookshop, or Helen McGill, in Parnassus on Wheels.
10. Captain Ahab, in Moby Dick.
11. Nydia, in The Last Days of Pompeii.
12. Ichabod Crane, in The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.
13. John Ridd, in Lorna Doone.
14. Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice.
15. Holgrave, in The House of Seven Gables.
16. Gabriel Varden, in Barnaby Rudge.
17. Silas Marner, in Silas Marner.
18. Dr. Sangrado, in Gil Blas.
19. Major General Stanley, in The Pirates of Penzance.
20. Friday, in Robinson Crusoe.
21. John Marsden, in Windswept.
22. Thea Kronborg, in The Song of The Lark.
23. David Harum, in David Harum.
24. Dick Heldar, in The Light That Failed.
25. Jeff Peters, in The Gentle Grafter.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FOR SALE, eight Carriages, best or accredited builders; Harnesses, Liveries, Carriage-robes, Saddles, etc. Correspondence invited. Box 204-G.

ALOST ASOULE IN FOLLYAGE JIMJAM. A POLYGLITTERAL VISIOCEZANNIST, A PHOENINXED SUAWITCH, GAYNACHMEADE, O SUMMONOROTHER KINREADE? KIN WRITE BOX 205-G.

WORKING GUEST. Tutoring or assistance in house for summer home at lake. Box 206-G.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

YOUNG MAN in technical research wants a pleasant room in lower Manhattan for this summer—$5 to $6 per week. Box 207-G.

ARE YOU HARASSED? Weary? Could you use a private or social secretary for a few weeks or for the summer in exchange for country board? Box 208-G.

GENTLEMEN: Would you enjoy correspondence with mature and fairly intelligent professional woman, interested in everything and anything. Box 209-G.

DORSET, in the Green Mountains. A pleasant house with good beds; food beyond your expectations; close to village; adjoining Golf Club; tennis; trails, riding. $25 and up weekly. Mrs. Sears, Dorset, Vermont.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Attractive bungalow, southern New Hampshire, 2 single, 1 double bedroom, 2 baths, maid's room, living room, screened porches. Garage, electricity, view, secluded. Apple orchard, woods; 3½ miles from village. Box 210-G.

"TOMORROW—Oh, 'twill never be, if we should live a thousand years." . . . And you only live once! Don't wait! Soak up salt air and sun **today!** America's largest and friendliest seaside hotels welcome you to hours of ease—to congenial people—to fine food—to a new lease on life! Incidentally, bring your writing along. Some of the nation's best sellers first saw daylight here! Amiable people. Write for color folder to Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

YOUNG MASCULINE MALE will correspond with cultured genial young woman. Box 201-G.

MATURE GENTLEMAN welcomes correspondence from a lady very interested in books—writing—out-of-doors and/or life itself. Box 202-G.

I WOULD EXCHANGE letters with sincere, mature, fun-loving gentleman. Box 203-G.

THERE'S A WAR ON: Don't buy new, just **renew** those last year's gowns, and bonnets. Cosmopolitan lady with a flair can do wonders to your wardrobe—and what you save can go into Defense Bonds. Box 218-G.

OVERLEA INN, North Bennington, Vermont (near Bennington College). 1815 farmhouse remodelled into a real Country Inn—83 acres of land surrounded by beautiful fields and mountains. Meals outdoors. Delightful walks. Bathing. Riding. Peaceful—personal—perusive! Library service. $24.50 weekly for long stays.

PERSONALS

HIGH ON A WINDY HILL—summer bungalows for rent; banks Esopus Creek; accessible; furnishings naive, comfortable; "johnnies" outside, but charm of countryside compensates. Box 211-G.

WOMAN WITH HAPPY DISPOSITION, interested in life, the great outdoors, music, books, travel—invites correspondence with gentleman who has similar interests. Box 212-G.

SAILING, riding, swimming, tennis, fishing, speedboating at our lodge on the Maine coast near golf course—car unnecessary. Write Box 207, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

YOUNG LADY, lover of nature, music, art, and theatre, seeks inspiration through correspondence with refined gentlemen of like tastes. Box 213-G.

HOME-FRONT SERVICE. Parents, left alone, why not board in safe, delightful summer and winter, Central Florida estate? $25 a week, double; single, $15. Come before transportation rationed. Box 214-G.

SEAL AND PORPOISE LODGE, on Mac Mahan Island, Maine; for discriminating people who appreciate island seclusion and the Maine coast. Congenial community, boating, fishing, tennis and swimming. No automobiles, but ready accessibility from the mainland. Near Bath and Boothbay Harbor. Cottages also available. Write for illustrated booklet to Miss Lillie M. Wheeler, 179 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

"GREEN SHADOWS INN," Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

SEA MEADOWS—perfect "auto-less" vacation. Well appointed home on COUSINS ISLAND, Casco Bay, MAINE. Modern conveniences, excellent table, good company, private beaches, moderate tariff. Betty Gibson, 174 Commonwealth, Boston.

CITY-SICK NEWSPAPER WOMAN would buy working partnership in solvent country enterprise, preferably connected with animals, books, food or newspaper. 100 miles radius New York. Box 111-G.

WANT TO PURCHASE Philatelic literature (Books on stamps or coins). Paul Bluss, 15 West 47th Street, New York.

BLUE WATER, REEF AND CORAL FISHING, AND AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY may appeal to a pleasant chap on the eastern seaboard with a 4-F classification who will prove good company on a Florida venture for a middle-aged man who is something of a writer. Must be handy mechanically, understand marine engines and able and willing to do his share. No expense involved. Box 131-G.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the tranquility of a lovely 250 acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf-tennis-nature trails . . . at the door. For further details write, A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

WHO WILL PLAY "stump the expert" with me via U. S. mail? Music, medical, general, and nonsensical subjects of especial interest. Ask or answer, take your choice. Box 215-G.

ART STUDENT, wife of drafted college teacher, needs good job for duration. Attractive, adaptable, energetic. Box 216-G.

YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN, artistic, capable, desires position with family where her two children, boy aged 4 years, girl 5 years, would share home. Able to teach music, elementary French. Excellent sewing. Thorough understanding of diets and nutrition values. Box 217-G.

MILDEWING for lack of stimulation. Box 192-G.

DACHSHUNDE — Exceptionally beautiful puppies—Reasonable—also long haired. Miss Heintze, 448 Hempstead Avenue, (Southern Parkway), West Hempstead, Long Island. HEmpstead 7295M.

AUTHOR'S ASSISTANT: girl, 22, desires work with author of fine poetry, plays, modern fiction. Research, generally useful. Learning typing and shorthand. Sincere; pleasing personality. Box 228-G. Please give adequate information.

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PERSONALS

SUMMER VACATION TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM SOLVED. Swim, ride, sail, fish at Mallett's Bay Inn on Lake Champlain. Write for particulars. H. E. Brown, Mallett's Bay, Vermont.

DIFFERENT BECAUSE: We have no rocking chair fleet of dowagers, no elderly folk, no small children. Even in wartime 40% of our guests are men (our rates favor couples). Our guests have similar backgrounds and interests.

DIFFERENT BECAUSE: Life is friendly and informal in a beautiful old homestead, deep in the hills, beside a brook. Lie-abed mornings (breakfast until 11:30). Frequent meals al fresco. All the products, ham, bacon and goodies of an oldtime farm.

DIFFERENT BECAUSE: We offer a home rather than a resort. Plenty to do, but no social director. In five years six hundred guests have made a thousand visits. We are small,—twelve guests is our limit.

THE FARM ON THE HILL, Box 223, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio.

NORTHERN ROCKLAND COUNTY: Two Furnished Bungalows, on a lake; 4 room at $300 per season, 3 room at $200; high ground overlooking Hudson River, secluded location; particulars from THE GILLIES AGENCY, 11 Broadway, Haverstraw, New York.

YOUNG INTELLIGENT European born man, excellent background, seeks interesting, diverting, humorous, feminine correspondence. Box 193-G.

HERON ISLAND, MAINE. Five room furnished cottage—sleeping porch, tennis, bathing. Lovely island, pleasant neighbors—near Boothbay Harbor. $150 season. Fielitz, 49 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

CULTURED, MATURE WOMAN, interested in country living—farm, animals, would welcome letters from persons with same ideas. Box 194-G.

WANTED, An editorial secretary at the Lahey Clinic, Boston, Massachusetts. This position involves the editing of the Clinic Bulletin published quarterly and the editing of medical papers and speeches. It is desired to fill the position as soon as possible. Please communicate with D. J. Bucknam, 605 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

MONADNOCK REGION comfortably furnished camp. Fireplace. $75 season. Box 195-G.

ENGLISH GIRL, here for the duration, welcomes male correspondence. Intelligent, friendly, adaptable, alert, thoughtful! Box 196-G.

IS THERE A LATIN IN THE HOUSE? Young woman considers Latin charm overrated. Is she wrong, gentlemen? Box 197-G.

MANAGER AND LIBRARIAN for book store on Philadelphia's Main Line. Woman with following preferred. Moderate salary for bookish person not too easily bored. Box 198-G.

CAPE COD CAMP for five. Piney point of lake, three miles from Hyannis. Box 199-G.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, marooned in urban triviality, would exchange letters with a few having sense-of-humor, who like books, the outdoors and simple, gracious living. Box 200-G.

WOMAN WITH 3-year child, good homemaker; not-so-good secretary, desires home with literary woman or couple. Modest income, simple country living with little leisure to read, think and write, preferred. Box 219-G.

READ IT AND WEEP. The Magazine ENCORE, two bits at all principal newsstands.

AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS. Experienced artist desires to illustrate stories, magazines or books. Box 220-G.

REST OR PLAY at the foot of Monadnock Mountain. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company, every vacation diversion. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, SHATTUCK INN, JAFFREY, N. H.

ENGINEER with twenty years experience operating large farm desires to contact person who has or wants to buy large estate. Box 221-G.

SUMMER AT BILLBANK, Belfast, Maine. The most beautiful spot on Penobscot Bay. Quality, Quiet, Spacious grounds. Traditional Hospitality. Write Mrs. William G. Adams, 16 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

HIGH ON A HILL TOP in the beautiful Lakes Region of New Hampshire . . . miles of mountain ranges before you, the Lake at your feet . . . lies Birchmont, the answer to your vacation quest. Eighty acres to roam, every sport to enjoy, a cabin and fireside of your own, exceptional food in the New England tradition—here is every comfort and facility for a week or a summer of relaxation and inspiration. Rates from $28.00 weekly. For Booklet Address: Russell G. Hemenway, Box 21, BIRCHMONT, East Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

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I TELEPHONED the advertising department of SRL today to inquire the rate for room advertising and was greeted with a note of surprise: "Why I thought the rooms at the Algonquin were always occupied 100%." "That's just the trouble. Too many people think that—and that's what I want to correct. It is very flattering to have people think the hotel is always full. But as it isn't any thing like the truth, it butters no parsnips."

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The Crostics Club

AS an orderly exposition of my process of making DC's might prove monotonous to those who have retorted when I offered to show them how in the past, "No, thank you, solving them is enough for me," I propose to tackle it at random, but I promise to cover the ground ultimately. I've taught elderly folk to make them as a stimulating substitute for solitaire. I even invented a game to that effect, but a manufacturer refused it as highbrow and hence unprofitable. I still think I should like to play such a game.

I'm always glad to hear from you who have discovered how to make DC's, as recently from Nancy Bragdon, Larchmont, N. Y., Mrs. H. K. Florentine, Chesterton, Ind., and E. V. Halbmeier, Elmhurst, N. Y. Had I, however, continued to do all those sent me, I'd have had no time to make them! I'm sorry.

Now I want to acquaint you with *monadhliath*. Supplying the definitions for the small anthologies I make for the *S. R. L.* or for the fifty puzzles in each book comes all at once in the last stages. So there's time to forget the source of a word if I fail to record it in the book I keep for that purpose. I am ever on the alert for legitimate substitutes of such utilitarian words as *attention, attrition, rococo, locofoco,* to use up too many letters of a kind. The two *h's* in *monadhliath* had captured my fancy. But I couldn't find my reference. To change the DC might mean hours of work. Incidentally, I can make a better DC every time I look at it, but the days are too short.

In desperation I appealed to one of that all-knowing group at the reference-room desk of the N. Y. Public Library. He finally turned it over to a language expert on the staff who traced it to an Irish source whose derivation connoted "white metal"—probably "silver"—but how applied in this case? Hopefully I waited. Suddenly the situation was saved. In thumbing over the Gazeteer section of W. N. I. for another allusion, there on the pages stood *"Monadhliath Mountains* or *Monagh Lea* range, Scotland bet. Loch Ness and Strath Spey."

Similarly, once, *Rosh Hashana,* the Jewish New Year, was a magnificent find. The proofreader of my book insisted that the second *a* should be *o,* despite the testimony of my dictionary, and that I must change the DC. A last-minute inspiration led me to Dr. G. B. Wellman of the Biblical Literature Department of Wellesley. His Hebrew tomes confirmed the *a* and *a* it remained. Dr. Wellman's sudden passing in April deprives us of a sympathetic DC'er and a kindly and scholarly help, but his wife writes that she will continue his interest in us.

E. S. K.

1 – S	2 – O	3 – P		4 – Q	5 – M	6 – G	7 – U		8 – Y	9 – J		10 – F	11 – U	12 – A	13 – O		
	14 – O	15 – F	16 – R	17 – T		18 – A	19 – S	20 – B		21 – D	22 – M	23 – Z	24 – O	25 – T	26 – N		
27 – S	28 – Q		29 – J	30 – K	31 – D	32 – T	33 – M		34 – A	35 – H	36 – Y	37 – V		38 – M	39 – W		
40 – R	41 – S	42 – T	43 – P	44 – Z		45 – V	46 – T	47 – U	48 – G	49 – Z	50 – E		51 – H	52 – F	53 – K		
	54 – S	55 – H	56 – I		57 – P	58 – L	59 – O	60 – R	61 – G	62 – H	63 – B	64 – C		65 – O	66 – J		
67 – P	68 – B	69 – I	70 – L		71 – L	72 – I		73 – D	74 – Q	75 – S	76 – X		77 – O	78 – E			
79 – G	80 – N	81 – A		82 – Q	83 – Y	84 – K		85 – G	86 – V	87 – X	88 – D	89 – L	90 – J	91 – M	92 – E		
	93 – I	94 – G		95 – X	96 – W	97 – F	98 – U	99 – A		100 – Y	101 – H	102 – N		103 – T	104 – W		
105 – Z	106 – A	107 – V		108 – T	109 – C	110 – B	111 – Q		112 – G	113 – S	114 – M	115 – D	116 – K	117 – L	118 – O		
	119 – E	120 – H	121 – F		122 – V	123 – K	124 – D		125 – W	126 – J	127 – K	128 – T	129 – Y		130 – H		
131 – P	132 – V		133 – O	134 – J	135 – I		136 – Y	137 – F	138 – G	139 – A	140 – W		141 – Z	142 – Q	143 – U		
144 – O	145 – C		146 – E	147 – V	148 – T	149 – I	150 – X		151 – V	152 – S		153 – U	154 – K		155 – R		
156 – J	157 – N	158 – K		159 – H	160 – E		161 – Z	162 – H	163 – F		164 – C	165 – Y	166 – I	167 – M	168 – N		
169 – L	170 – B	171 – P		172 – F	173 – I		174 – R	175 – I	176 – E		177 – V	178 – W	179 – J	180 – Y	181 – U		

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 428 *By* ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A trusted companion of Paul in the latter part of his life (Bib.)

B. Independent kingdom between India and Tibet.

C. The last of the Julio-Claudian dynasty (Rome; 54-68 A. D.)

D. Thrown into ecstasy.

E. For sale (2 wds.)

F. A throwing stick used by certain Australian natives.

G. To light upon; come across (2 wds.)

H. A very small dog of Mexico believed to antedate Aztec civilization.

I. Pincerlike.

J. Excess; beyond need.

K. Hubbub (colloq.)

L. Occupation to which one is particularly adapted.

M. A blind alley.

N. Predecessor of the Gay-Pay-Oo (Russia).

O. Of value to be preserved.

P. Father of Europa and Cadmus.

Q. To irritate, vex.

R. First name of the title and hero of a novel by Marryat (1834).

S. One devoid of feeling or emotion.

T. Impressive; striking.

U. A determined effort or onset (2 wds.)

V. To dispense with (2 wds.)

W. An explosive noise.

X. Wriggling.

Y. English essayist subject of a biography written by Carlyle (1851).

Z. Author of *The Crisis* (a pamphlet) (1714).

WORDS

							139	12	18	81	34	106	99
							170	20	68	63	110		
							64	145	164	109			
							31	124	88	21	73	115	
							78	160	119	50	146	176	92
							15	172	137	52	163	121	97	10
							6	138	48	94	85	61	79	112
							62	101	159	162	35	130	55	120	51
							149	175	56	69	93	173	72	135	166
							126	90	66	179	29	156	134	9
							30	116	127	53	158	84	154	123
							58	89	71	169	70	117		
							6	22	38	167	114	33	91		
							26	89	102	168	157				
							144	59	13	65	14	133	24	77	2	118
							57	171	3	131	67	43				
							28	111	4	142	74	82				
							155	16	174	40	60					
							27	41	75	1	19	113	152	54		
							42	108	148	128	32	46	25	17	103	
							181	11	143	98	47	7	153			
							132	147	177	45	107	86	122	151	37	
							39	96	125	178	104	140				
							150	87	95	76						
							36	100	165	129	180	8	83	136		
							141	161	105	44	49	23				

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...the novel of a simple girl who taught priests and peasants, scholars and politicians, to *believe*...

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE MODERN WORLD IS ASKED TO ACCEPT A MIRACLE

THE NEW MASTERWORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH"

Franz Werfel's The Song of Bernadette

"A stirring, profound and beautiful novel... there is excitement here, great compassion, humor; and, always stronger and more luminous, the love of mankind."
—Katherine Woods, *N. Y. Times*

In *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh,* Franz Werfel wove a mighty novel out of an historic hour when men found themselves face to face with destruction. In *The Song of Bernadette,* he has created a glowing story out of an equally historic hour when mankind found itself face to face with the divine. Whether the little peasant girl, who today is known to all the world as Bernadette of Lourdes, actually saw the Mother of God is not the point of the novel. What is important to Werfel, and what is unforgettable to his readers, is the dramatic upheaval which followed the first awed rumors of a miracle.

"It is the kind of book you lose yourself in completely; when the last page is turned you come back to the world of everyday a little thoughtful, as after a great experience."—Albert Hubbell, *Chicago Sun*

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"Magnificent... one of the great books of this or any other year."—Harold C. Gardiner, *America*

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Bernadette, alone, remained unmoved by issues of science, state, church or commerce. She wanted nothing except the privilege of returning, day after day, to the grotto and silently adoring the Lady who appeared to her there—the Lady for whose divinity she never made a claim, whose presence it never occurred to her to call a miracle. It did not matter to Bernadette that more and more people came to believe in the divinity of her "beautiful Lady." It did not matter to her any more than it had mattered when she had received nothing but scorn, abuse, and threats.

"What gives the book its beauty and strength is that it conveys the feeling of the unlimited might of the human spirit."
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"A moving story, superbly told and appealing to all human beings in the realm of faith, beyond dogma and beyond sect."
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The Song of Bernadette is one of those great and universal stories which are born from a true experience. The idea for *The Song of Bernadette* came to Werfel as he, like so many of his fellow artists, was escaping from Europe. He made a vow that if his journey was safely completed he would write this book as an offering of thanks. The pledge has been magnificently fulfilled. The book that it inspired is one of those affirmations of the human spirit that always ring out most loudly in times of darkness. To the devout and to the unbeliever, alike, it has a ring of truth that transcends the narrow limits of creed. To all of us it comes as the mighty story of one of history's most dramatic hours and one of the world's most radiant figures.

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Philadelphia Record

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